

The ROTARIAN



5 CENTS

AUGUST 1933

A COPY

Bunk!

—says the famous
ALEX MORRISON

... and he guarantees to Improve Your Golf in Just Five Days!

AT LAST Alex Morrison has done what thousands have urged him to do: put his way to learn the correct swing within reach of every one anxious to improve his game.

"Alexander the Great" is, as Bob Davis says, "the Wizard of Golf Instruction." His instruction brought Babe Ruth down into the 70s—enabled Doug Fairbanks to shoot 72 (on a par 71 course) in Los Angeles—helped big-framed Rex Beach shoot 154 for 30 holes in tournament play, and slender Clarence Budington Kelland get into the 70s. He has taught Jack Dempsey, the slight Charles Chaplin and the bulky Paul Whiteman, Grantland Rice, Rube Goldberg, Paula Stone, Annette Kellermann, and scores of others. Whatever golf lessons he chose to give were given at a charge of \$200 for 12 lessons.

He is on the staff of American Golfer, has written for Ladies' Home Journal, American Magazine, Popular Science, and others. He has given lectures and exhibitions all over this country and Canada. Although this left him little time for tournament play, Alex has demonstrated that he can play the game with the best of them. In addition to defeating several of the leading players he has set many course records. Recently he tied the course record at winged Foot (the scene of the 1929 American Open) with a 68. He has no less than 30 attested scores ranging from 65 to 69 over championship length courses; a few of them, for example, the Brackenridge Park at San Antonio with a 69; Pasadena Golf Club, 69; the Detroit Golf Club (South Course), a 66; and 69 at Denver Country Club.

This fellow is considerably worried about his wind-up. The correct swing banishes all worry about ANY stage of a shot.

length courses; a few of them, for example, the Brackenridge Park at San Antonio with a 69; Pasadena Golf Club, 69; the Detroit Golf Club (South Course), a 66; and 69 at Denver Country Club.

For Those Bewildered by a "Plague of Don'ts"

Alex Morrison has just gotten out a book which clearly describes and pictures his simple way of learning the correct swing. There need be no question in your mind about being able to learn through a book like this one. It is sold not on promise but on performance—on a definite guarantee that it will improve your game, or cost you nothing.



So many "don'ts" are running through his mind that they show in his knees, his shoulders, and his whole stance.

fellow who really gets too little amusement, satisfaction and benefit from the game—who merely exchanges business worries for golf worries—who is in a constant panic about doing the wrong thing.

The Secret of the Correct Swing

If you are "stymied" by your apparent inability to apply seemingly simple principles, if the usual advisory jargon and generalities haven't gotten you anywhere, if you realize that mere intense concentration, will-power, and practice alone is not the real answer—then you will be interested in how Alex Morrison can change your whole viewpoint, in his book, "A New Way to Better Golf."

DON'T LOOK UP!
DON'T HURRY BACKSWING!
DON'T PULL IN!
DON'T DROP LEFT SHOULDER!
BE SURE TO PIVOT!
KEEP LEFT ARM STRAIGHT!
DON'T OVERSWING!



Alex Morrison

GRANTLAND RICE
Editor of The American Golfer
says, "Alex Morrison has been working for years on simplifying and developing a clear picture of what is needed to play better golf. He is something more than a fine teacher of golf. He is also one of the few who have made a close study of breaking up tension, which is the curse of every game played."

REX BEACH says, "Morrison knows more about his business than I will ever know about mine. He has taken the golf swing apart and examined it, oiled up loose parts, re-assembled them and put the whole thing into smooth running order. To watch him execute a shot is to realize that he has mastered the elusive principles of the golf stroke to a nicety, which makes the swing of most experts look crude. You will find here the soundest, the simplest, the most sensible help you have ever found."

"If the Pulitzer Fund were to offer a reward for golf instructors," says BOB DAVIS, "Morrison would grab the coin every year. He is the most celebrated golf instructor alive."

First, he tells you how to banish mental tension and nervous strain, and how to play with muscular freedom, mental relaxation.

Then he analyzes the eight stages of the Correct Swing—not "correct" because it is the way he does it, but correct because of the structure of your own body. For years Morrison has studied anatomy and mechanics. As he has proven, when the proper muscles cease to function the wrong ones take charge—and you inevitably get a bad shot.

In simple terms and clear photographs he shows these eight stages. He proves by actual photographs there is not even a "pivot" in it! He gives you no such advice as is bewildering and killing the game of the gentleman pictured above. Then, having shown you how to get the Correct Swing, he shows how easy it is to put it into practice—in every shot, from drive to putt.

SEND NO MONEY

5 Days' Examination and a Double-Guarantee

The Morrison Golf Guarantee	
If Your Present Score Is	In One Month You'll Score
130	115
120	110
110	100
100	92
90	85
85	80
80	77
75	73

Send no money with the coupon below. When the book is handed to you, pay the postman only \$2, plus postage charges. Read it for five days. If you are not "sold" at once—OR if you put Mr. Morrison's suggestions into practice and within one month you don't reduce your score in accordance with the little chart shown here, you may return the book and your \$2 will be refunded.

Clip and mail this coupon—without money—now. SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. 288, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me Alex Morrison's new illustrated book, "A New Way to Better Golf." When the postman delivers it I will pay \$2, plus postage charges. It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. Morrison's instructions into practice does not—within one month—reduce my score as indicated in the schedule shown above, I have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$2 is to be refunded at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$2 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.

Some of the Good Golfers Who Have Followed Morrison's System



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
Formerly in the high 80s.
Now in the low 70s.



CLARENCE B. KELLAND
Formerly in the 90s. Now in the 70s.



PAUL WHITEMAN
Formerly over 100.
Now in the 90s.



REX BEACH
Formerly in the 90s.
Now in the 70s.



AUGUST, 1933

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REVISTA ROTARIA

The **OPEN DOOR TO THE LATIN-AMERICAN MARKET**

IN Latin-America there is a great group with incomes above-the-average. They are leaders in business and professional life. All members of this group have been elected to representative classifications in Rotary International.

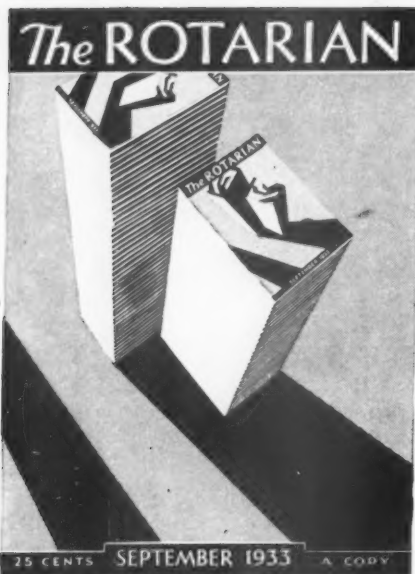
With their wives and families they lead in the civic and social life of their respective countries. These families have the taste for, the ability to buy motor cars, automatic refrigeration, jewelry, musical instruments, fine apparel, furniture—in fact all the comforts and luxuries of life enjoyed by Rotarian families in North America.

You can reach this great group through REVISTA ROTARIA—new official publication of Rotary International. Published in Spanish, this magazine is their “ROTARIAN”—bringing to them word of what Rotarians are doing in other lands. REVISTA ROTARIA is an open door through which you may reach this important market.

For circulation by countries, classification, advertising rates, etc., address —

REVISTA ROTARIA

211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, U. S. A.



Next Month—

Europe's Schools Move Ahead

Take a jaunt through old ivy-covered halls of learning in England and Europe with Cornell University's Dr. Clyde B. Moore, who finds that "these countries have kept the high resolve that the rising generation must have its rightful educational heritage."

Australia's Economic Crisis

Australia has had her share of social and economic woes . . . but faces the future with courage. Frank Russell, Melbourne newspaper man, tells the story of this country's renaissance.

And Other Features

—each month, an article on business, Rotary, travel, and questions of the day, by leading writers.

In Your
**SEPTEMBER
ROTARIAN**

Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, or setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.

Can You Help?

To the Editors:

An uncle of my wife emigrated to America in 1900. His name is Gustav Kosa, born in 1874, in Papa, Hungary. His sister and niece and the rest of us want to locate him. Can you help us to do so? Thank you.

GEORGE SEBO

Member, Szolnok Rotary Club

Szolnok, Hungary

For the Aching Alto

To the Editors:

"Sweet Adeline" whose harmony has been under a never weakening barrage of barber shop chords these many years is now having to face the charge that it should be banned because whenever a group of convivial spirits gather it is their voice selection.

The chortling of "Sweet Adeline" at times may disturb the peace and slumber of the sober citizen, but it can also sooth the savage breast of the cracked tenor or the aching alto as they chant it under the moonbeams caressing silver, beneath a star touched spring sky. You don't have to gargle it to enjoy the pathos of its haunting harmony, the sentiment of its romantic rhyming, or the salubrious serenity of its wilting tones bathed in a tearful and bubbling bass or a sorrowing serpentine soprano.

No we feel that the charge against "Sweet Adeline" is a base libel, and we bespeak tolerance for the song. It is a splendid means of taking care of excess energy. As we view the matter, it is better to "murder" "Sweet Adeline" vocally than suffer the dangers along other lines of those suppressed emotions which might lead to riot or revolution.

L. M. WHITE

Rotarian and Editor, *Evening Ledger*
Mexico, Mo.

A Four-Poster Rotarian

To the Editors:

Among the many types of Rotarians in our club, I believe I am the only four-poster Rotarian. It is a title of doubtful distinction. I did not seek the honor at all. I did no extra work, served on no hard committees, and tried to avoid the honor, but finally the job overtook me in spite of all efforts to evade it.

A four-poster Rotarian is one who spends all his days, as well as his nights, in bed, as I have done for nearly three years.

Lest fellow-members feel I am seeking sympathy, let me say that there are many compensations for an individual in my position. Space is too limited to mention the more serious ones. To fellow business men, however, I will point out some of the obvious advantages in my situation. My bedroom, dining room, living room and office are all condensed into one place. Think of the efficiency this affords. To go from my bedroom into the dining-room, I simply sit up straighter with the aid of another pillow! To go downtown to the office, I merely stretch out my arm to reach a convenient stand beside my bed. No cuff links, collars, or buttons to fool with.

One of these days my title of four-poster Rotarian will be replaced with that of three-legged Rotarian, as I am now experimenting daily with a stout pair of crutches. A trip from one room

to another is quite an adventure. A trip downstairs at first was actually thrilling.

One of my chief pleasures has been to listen to the Rotary broadcast each week. This is a great privilege to one who cannot attend the meetings. How cut off from the world former shut-ins must have been, when they could not listen to the meetings of the Rotary Club, the Ad Club and the City Club, merely by turning a dial. I am enthusiastic about this kind of broadcasting, for the business man confined to the house by a short or even a long illness. It brings part of his daily world to his bedside. Next to the visits of friends, I think the Rotary broadcast has been one of my most pleasant contacts with the world outside my window-panes.

DONALD S. CURTIS

130 Vassar Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Some Score!

To the Editors:

At a recent meeting of the Chicago Rotary Club I was delighted to see John B. LaDue, D.D.S., whose classification is "artificial denture," awarded the American Bowling Congress medal for a score of 299 pins, made on March 13, 1933, in Chicago while bowling as a member of the World's Greatest Bowling League, sponsored by the Chicago Rotary Club.

I extend to "Jack" LaDue through the columns of THE ROTARIAN my heartiest congratulations, and may I suggest that if there are any other bowlers in this old world of ours who have equalled Jack's record they should drop you a line so that we may also know about them.

A READER

Chicago, Ill.

Hot Dirt

To the Editors:

Never before have I "broken into print" in our magazine, but each month I read with peculiar interest the letters in the "Readers Open Forum" column. In the July issue I was amused at "Gaga's" letter from Colombo, Ceylon, trying to "halt" or "melt" the ever-increasing snowball of correspondence from distant fellow Rotarians seeking something of interest for some unique collection of what-have-you.

Club secretaries are deluged with a conglomeration of peculiar requests. I shall never forget the strange petition from a fine Rotarian living in northern New England asking for a sample of soil from some historic spot in South Carolina to put in his dirt hall-of-fame, a garden, the soil in which was gathered from every state in the Union. He enumerated the places from whence his samples had come, and realizing that many of them had come from cold spots, including the homes of some cold but famous people, I replied that my contribution would undoubtedly warm things up a bit, for I was sending a bag of dirt from Fort Sumter, where the first shot was fired in the War between the States!

"DICK" REEVES

Secretary, *Charleston Rotary Club*
Charleston, S. C.

P.S. Congratulations on so quickly reporting the Boston Convention. Good work.

(Additional letters on page 40)

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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His Excellency Italo Balbo

FOUR centuries ago in Italy lived a man who, though he is now remembered as an artist, dreamed the profound dream that some day men might fly as a bird. His name was Leonardo da Vinci. He died, but his dream lived on . . . and grew, grew until in this day has arisen a young countryman who envisioned a fleet of silver-winged craft soaring from the homeland to the heart of the New World, the achievement signaling a renaissance Italy. . . . That dream is realized.

Rotary's Hardest Job is Ahead

By William de Cock Buning

Past Chairman, International Service Committee

IT SHOULD not be surprising to Rotarians that the last of our Six Objects—improving international relations—is the one most difficult to put into practice. The appeal it makes to an enlightened patriotism is not an easy one to popularize.

We must not become impatient no matter how slow the progress, for the patriotism and nationalism of today have been achieved only after many centuries of personal and national sacrifices. Grouping of men within political boundaries came about very slowly, for it was based on an unselfishness that recognizes the rights of others and a responsibility to defend the dearly bought advantages of unity.

This objective is practically gained. Most men are now organized into communities, each having its own government, language, and culture. And though nationalism may be expected to continue its growth where it has been retarded, simultaneously we shall see the new struggle for the higher, more civilized form of association—the international community.

Let us not rail at men who have not yet grasped this new principle of social development. Educated in the belief of the sanctity of national sovereignty and in the sacredness of national independence, taught to worship national heroes, and to applaud every policy which promises to increase their own national power or prosperity, they are now being asked to consider the welfare of other peoples, to sacrifice a part of their sacred sovereignty for the sake of international welfare—even to give up their engines of warfare and to repose in an international court of justice the authority to settle disputes that once were argued with cannons and poison gas.

If it took centuries for mankind to appreciate the desirability of organizing into carefully bordered countries, certainly it will take many years before there can be general realization of the fact that prosperity depends upon the weal of neighbors and that national existence can be safeguarded better by friendship and coöperation than by strife and power. Science has quietly gone ahead and before our very eyes has melted down old barriers to intercourse, as witness the cable, the radio, the talking motion pic-

World peace hinges on a growing realization among nations of the economic unity of all. Science has made 'isolation' an obsolete idea.

tures, and ocean transportation. The world has become an economic unit, with the ups and downs of crops and industrial production in one country affecting prices in every other land. In short, national isolation has become obsolete. Man's thinking must keep pace with material progress.

IN any list of individuals, organizations, and institutions that have pioneered in impressing this spirit on the minds of men, Rotary International will be found. Its so-called International Service implies a readiness to help create a clear notion among all peoples of the *necessity* for friendly relations. I say *necessity* because the big problems all nations now face can be solved only by coöperation.

Perhaps no other organization is so well equipped to promote mutual understanding as is Rotary, with its basic stress on fellowship among individuals. Here is a movement composed of men active in business and professions with contacts with others in like situations throughout the world. The truly remarkable fact is that in its 3,500 clubs in seventy countries, meeting each week, Rotary has 3,500 platforms for the enunciation of its Sixth Object. Rotary does not confine its activities to a board of directors nor to a few energetic leaders, but gives to *every* member his opportunity to share in the work.

Not every Rotarian can travel to strange lands and there contribute to Rotary's work in the international field, but every member can do his part in his own country and community by adding to enlightened public opinion. Without that the finest efforts of the greatest statesmen are futile.

Here lies Rotary's international task: to make peoples realize the new spirit of the age; to help develop a world-consciousness among men; to broaden their minds and widen their horizon. The work may be difficult and the progress slow, but the goal is sublime and our efforts to attain it cannot fail some day to bear fruit, for they are in harmony with the natural evolution of mankind.

Imagine the world in two hundred years — poverty outmoded — plain clothing — travel without baggage — homes for all — no skyscrapers.

Life in the Year 2106

By H. G. Wells

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

JUST as it becomes increasingly difficult for the teacher of history in this year 2106 to convey to each new generation what human feelings and motives were like in a world of morbid infections and unwholesome bodily habits or in a heavily sentimentalized atmosphere of general distrust and insecurity, so also he has to make a most vigorous imaginative effort to recover even the faintest shadow of the pervading vexation, humiliations, and straining anxiety that resulted from an almost universal deficiency of common things.

Everybody, except a small minority, went short until the close of the twentieth century. Even the rich had to be wary cunning buyers to satisfy all their fancies and desires. The simplified economic order of our world today runs so smoothly that we hardly think at all about our ordinary needs. Housing, food, and clothing wait upon us wherever we go. It is so easily done that we fail to realize the immense cleansing away of obstructive difficulties that had to occur before it could be made so easy.

One of the results of abundance that our ancestors would have found paradoxical, is the abolition of encumbrance. But the less there was in the past the more you had to have and hold. Men had to appropriate things because there was not enough to go 'round. Your home was not simply the place to which you retired for solitude or intimacy; it was a store



"Up to recently, Lower New York was the world's most old-fashioned city."

house. In the sixteenth or seventeenth century it was also fortified by bars and locks and bolts against robbers. You got with difficulty and what you got you kept.

The successful man of those days was imprisoned and smothered in accumulations upon which he dared not relax his watchfulness and grip. They were as indestructible as he could make them, for once destroyed or ignored they might prove irreplaceable. Everybody was keeping things, keeping them rather than using them. If they were not wanted now they might be wanted presently.

IF THAT successful man desired to vary his urban life he had to possess a country house. In these establishments there had to be a miniature social economy. Much of the food was not only prepared in the personal household, but produced on the private estate. All this had to be managed and watched to prevent waste, slackness, and dishonesty. All the clothes the prosperous man might want to wear had to be stored



"Then suddenly . . . the battered past vanishes. A new Age has begun. The towns grow larger, finer, and more varied."

and preserved in presses and wardrobes; his household needed gear against any possible emergency, and all of his accumulations had to be guarded against robbers.

It was almost as anxious and wearing a job to be rich as to be poor in those days of general insufficiency. And if the wealthy man travelled, he had to travel in his own coach with his attendants, taking a great burthen of clothing and general baggage with him.

In the relatively plentiful days of the later nineteenth century, which in so many details foreshadowed and yet failed to complete and generalize the conditions of our own time, there was for the prosperous, at least, a certain alleviation of the burthen of property. The temporary achievement of a limited cosmopolitanism of money and credit, the multiplication of the bourgeoisie, the liquidation of ownership by joint stock undertakings, the increased facilities for communication and for movement, made successful people less disposed to sit down amidst their possessions.

There was a sustained general effort, which we now find grotesque and irrational, to keep property and at the same time not to be bothered by property. The ideal of success was no longer concrete ownership but purchasing power. Houses, furnishings, and so forth, changed hands with increasing readiness.

INSTEAD of living in great complete houses and dining at home, people lived in smaller houses or flats and dined in collective dining rooms or restaurants. They gave up having country houses of their own and travelled freely and variously, evoking a vast industry of hotels and hired villas. They travelled lighter, in comparison with preceding centuries, that is. As retail trade organized itself upon big business lines, the need for the private storage of gear diminished. People bought things when they wanted them, because now they could do so. The big stores of the early twentieth century carried an enormous and greatly varied stock.

In the days of Shakespeare new clothes, new furniture, new houses, new things of all sorts were infre-

quent; in the early twentieth century there were already intimations of the general fresh newness of our own times. The facilities for scrapping were still poorly developed and there was much congestion and needless litter about, but renewal and replacement for those who had purchasing power were already well developed. If it had not been for the social catastrophe due to ignorance, individualism, monetary deflation, and nationalism that overwhelmed that phase of civilization, the distributing organization of the world might very probably have developed straight on from the system of linked stores, as it flourished in America in 1925, to our present conditions. And similarly there was an expansion of hotel life and a belated beginning of portable country houses, clearly foreshadowing our current arrangements.

After the disasters and new beginnings of the middle decades of the twentieth century, it was to the patterns of big business at the close of the First Age of Abundance that the direction of the Transport Union recurred. History records how easily and necessarily that Union became the trading monopoly and finally, as the Sea and Air Ways Control, the actual government of the nascent world. Its counting houses issuing and receiving its energy notes became the New Banking; its Trading Council became the New Retailing; its Supply Control took over, at last, the productive activities of the world. From the first, the new powers were instinct with the idea of mobility. They had no vestiges in their composition of the skimping and saving traditions of the ages of insufficiency. They set about providing as ample and various accommodation for everybody as the ever increasing production of the planet permitted.

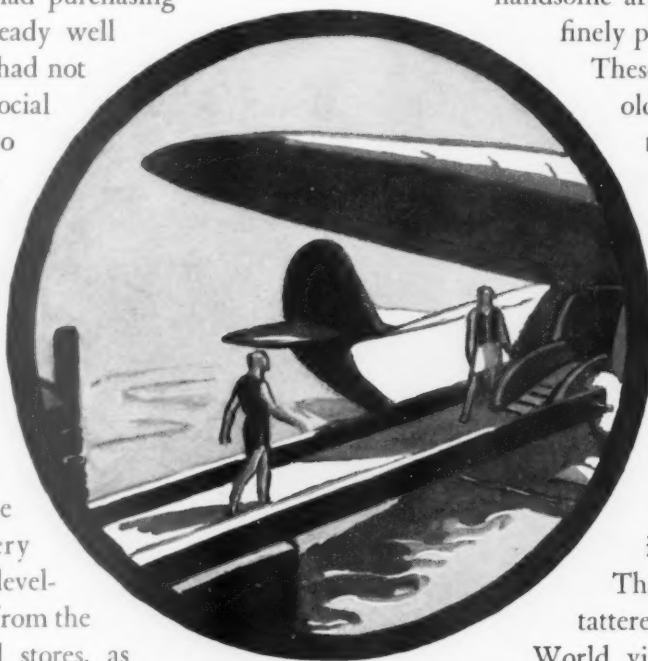
The great distributing stores of the previous age provided the patterns from which the new distribu-

tion developed in that age of recovery. Wherever old towns and cities were being reconstructed or new ones appearing about new centers of productive activity, the architects of the Sea and Air Ways Control erected their great establishments, at first big and handsome after the old fashion and then more finely planned.

These stores sold things according to the old method, then gradually, in regard to a number of things, clothing for example, they organized the modern system of exchanging new things for old; the new shoes or garment would be made and fitted to the customer and the old taken away and pulped or otherwise disposed of. Nothing is cobbled nowadays; nothing is patched or repaired. By degrees this method abolished that ancient institution the laundry altogether. That line of fluttering patched and tattered garments, so characteristic of Old World village scenery, vanished from the earth. New rapid methods of measuring and fitting replaced entirely the awkward tape, scissors, and sewing of the old days.

In the time of the Hoover Slump men would wear their underclothes for years, having them painfully washed out, dried, ironed, and returned weekly, and they would wear their complex outer garments with all the old fastenings, buttons, straps, buckles, and so forth, sometimes for many years. They had to be made of dark fabrics with broken patterns to conceal their griminess. The clothing of the middle ages was still filthier. Nowadays the average life of our much simpler and brighter outer garments with their convenient zip fastenings is about a week, and such light underclothes as we wear last about three days. We keep no wardrobes of them; the stores are our wardrobes. If the weather changes, the stores are ready for us everywhere with wraps, or heavier or lighter materials. It must be a remote expedition, indeed, that needs a change of raiment.

We wear less clothing than our ancestors, partly because of our healthier condition, partly because we do not like to hide lovely bodies, but mainly because in the past men wrapped themselves up against every contingency. They wore hats whenever they were not



*The man of 2106—off for a trip.
Comfortable clothes. No luggage.*

under a roof, socks inside their boots, buttons on their sleeve-cuffs, collars and ties. It seems as though these elaborations became necessary to social prestige because of the general shortage. In an age of scarcity it was a testimonial to one's worth to be fully clad. In the nineteenth century the well-to-do wore gold watch chains and gloves, which they carried in their hands in hot weather, as further evidence of substantial means.

Housing again, under the Sea and Air Ways Control, took off from the point where the hotel-flat had left it in 1930. There was never any attempt to resume the building of those small permanent houses which were spread so abundantly over England, for example, after the World War. The first task of the new world control was mainly sanitary. Infection lurked everywhere; four decades of social disorder had made every building a decaying disease trap for the young that were born into it. The Housing Control rebuilt the housing quarters of the rotten old towns in the form of blocks of dwellings, clean, spacious, and convenient, but, to our eyes now, very squat and dull.

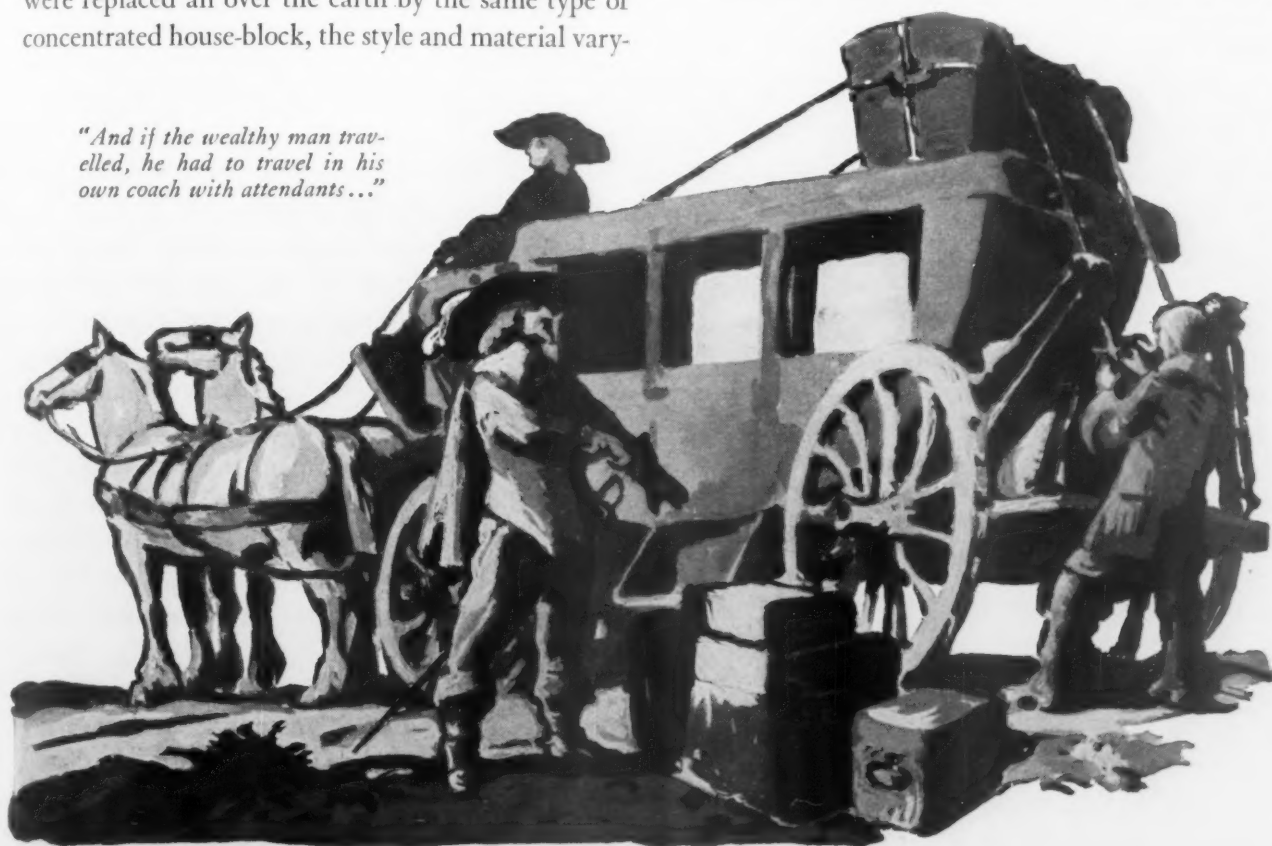
They were from ten to twelve stories high and very soundly and honestly made. Everywhere they had water, lighting, heating—in the colder climates—and sanitation. The picturesquely clustering rural villages were replaced all over the earth by the same type of concentrated house-block, the style and material vary-

ing only so far as conditions of climate required it. The villages were literally swept up into these piles. Even where small private cultivation was still going on, the concentration into these mansions occurred and the peasants bicycled out to their properties. Every block had its crèche, its school, its store, and its general meeting rooms.

AS WE look back on it, this supersession of the single separate unlit, undrained, and waterless hut or hovel, cottage or little steading, seems to have been a swift business, but in reality it took from 1980 to 2030, much more than half the average lifetime, to spread this new conception of housing over most of the world, and by that time the older blocks were already being replaced by more beautiful and convenient creations.

The volume *Historical Pictures* shows us the whole process. We see the jumbling growths of the early phase of the twentieth century; towering apartment-houses and hotels struggling up, far above the churches, mosques, pagodas, and public buildings, out of a dense undergrowth of slums. Then come arrest and decline. The pictures become as full of ruins, sheds, and makeshift buildings as the drawings of Albrecht Dürer. Amidst [Continued on page 59]

"And if the wealthy man travelled, he had to travel in his own coach with attendants..."



"Curiously, my visits started at York . . . Come, I ask you, and stand with me for a brief space at York in the minster . . ."

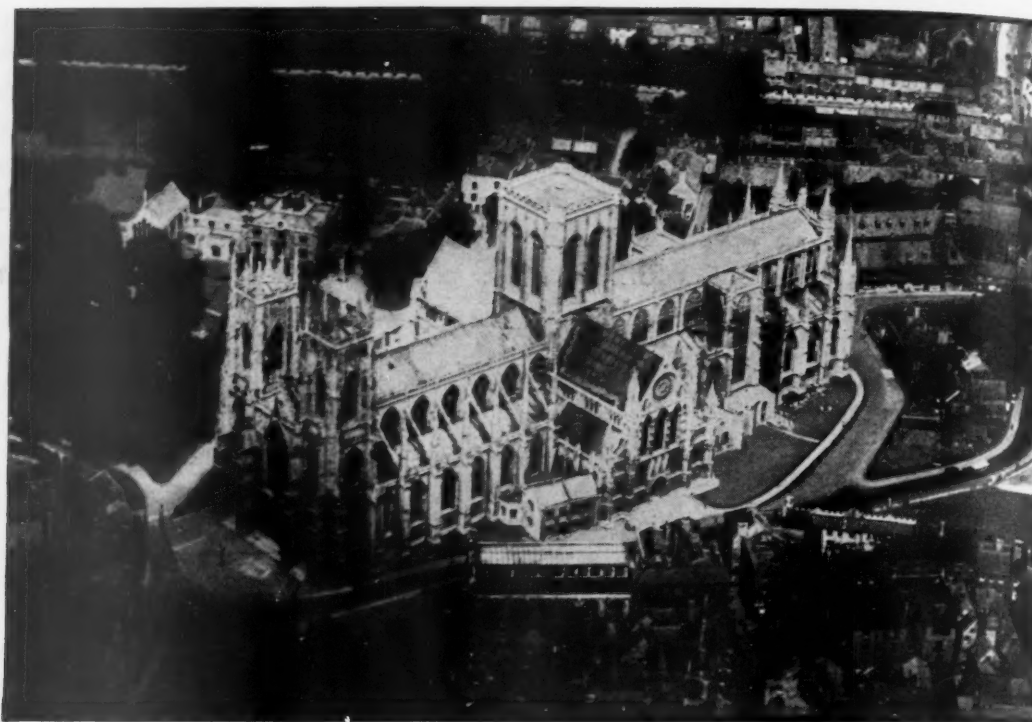


Photo: Airofilms, from Ewing Galloway

Along English Lanes

By Clinton P. Anderson

Immediate Past President, Rotary International

"IH, to be in England, now that April's here"—but how much better it is to be there in May with flower beds ablaze with yellows and reds and the entire landscape bordered in green.

THE ROTARIAN has asked for an article on my impressions of Rotary in England. Loitering among the fjords of Norway, I shall attempt it, yet the sunshine and the soft blue of the Norwegian scene will influence if not completely alter the tone of what I write. Away from England a week, many of the Rotary tasks that called me there already are fading pictures and I find my thoughts turning to people and places, to the things done for me, to the rare kindness shown me. I have come away convinced that no matter what other experiences may steep my senses or fill my heart with delight "there is one spot that is forever England."

Curiously, my visits started at York and ended at Canterbury. How impossible it would be to set down in words the contribution made by those two shrines to Anglo-Saxon civilization! I must not open my

Informal reminiscences of faces and places glimpsed on a Rotary pilgrimage through the historic land of gardens and cathedrals.

note-book for fear I may become statistical. We shall save Canterbury for the moment.

Come, I ask you, and stand with me for a brief space at York in the minster looking up at those five slender panels of stained glass known as the "five sisters." The dean of the cathedral, perhaps with next Sunday's sermon in the back of his mind, reminds me that the windows illustrate how many colors it takes to make grey. They are grey, but the color is carefully built up by a marvelous mixing of blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. Within a day someone would tell me that his days had turned grey, but I could remind him that he couldn't have grey unless there was rose to mix with the black!

My impressions of the Scarborough conference of Rotarians from Great Britain and Ireland are many, but none is stronger than the conviction that the possession of a national unit has not diminished the British zeal for an international organization. They

have their national existence; they take seriously their responsibilities in helping to develop Rotary's program through the avenues of their own organization, but the easiest way to catch and hold the interest of a British audience is to start talking about international problems. The response is immediate and impressive.

I had the privilege of attending the luncheon given for His Royal Highness Prince George. He had spoken with rare grace at the conference session in the morning. At close range, I found him a fine-looking, serious-minded youth and a charming conversationalist.

HE IS entirely unspoiled by his royal title. Why not? He works far harder than the sons of many successful American business men. His days are devoted to dedicating hospitals, opening flower shows, sponsoring charities. Travelling about on tasks like these is, as I can now testify, no mean labor. My luncheon with him gave me added appreciation of the deeply ingrained British loyalty to the royal family.

We drove from Scarborough to Newcastle-on-Tyne with Hugh Galloway, 1932-33 president of RIBI (Rotary International: Association for Britain and Ireland), and Mrs. Galloway. Tom Young, sergeant-at-arms of the Boston convention, preceded us in his car, as we drove over the moors, admiring alternately the heather and the gorse.

No traveller would want to miss the quaint fishing village of Whitby, from which came "jet" and the expression "jet black," the imposing Durham cathedral mounted on a triangular tower of rock, or the continental atmosphere of Stockton. Perhaps we could have done without the depressing streets of the pit towns in the coal areas, but to me the miners



Photo: Burton Holmes-Ewing Galloway

Ambleside—"winding hilly roads where black and white lambs scuttled away."



Warwick—"a sweeping vista reveals the towers peeping over a mass of trees."



Photo (and above): Publishers Photo Service

Stratford—"to the birthplace of Shakespeare and cottage of Anne Hathaway."

"We went to the new Shakespeare Memorial Theater—but that is a story to be written for THE ROTARIAN on a rainy day. Strangely, that rainy day did not come during our trip through England."

—Which "ended at Canterbury... Who can do justice to Canterbury and its cathedral? I joined the never-ending stream of pilgrims too, but (shades of Chaucer) in the comfort of a motor car."

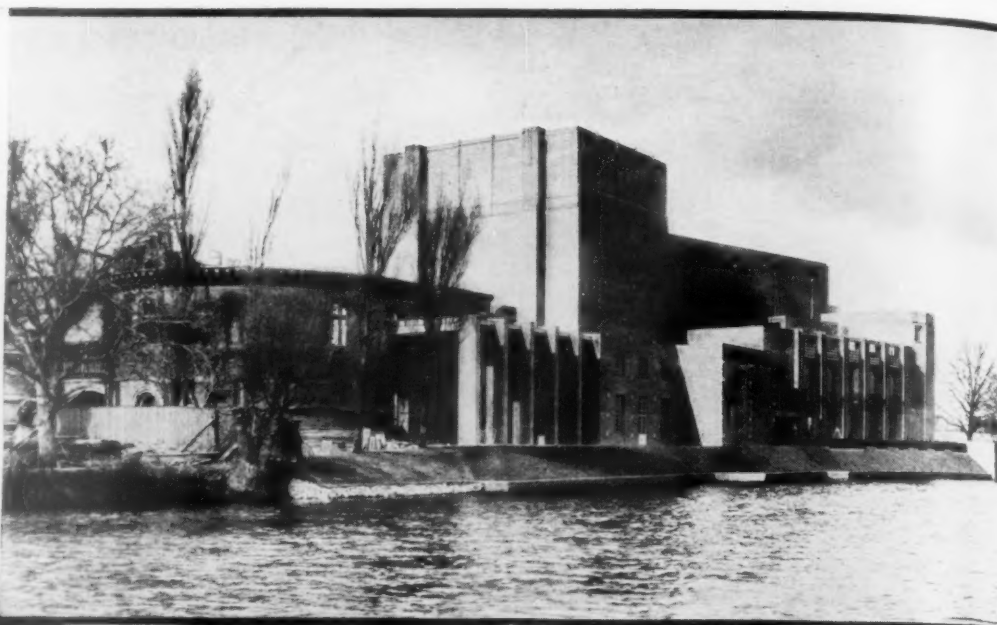
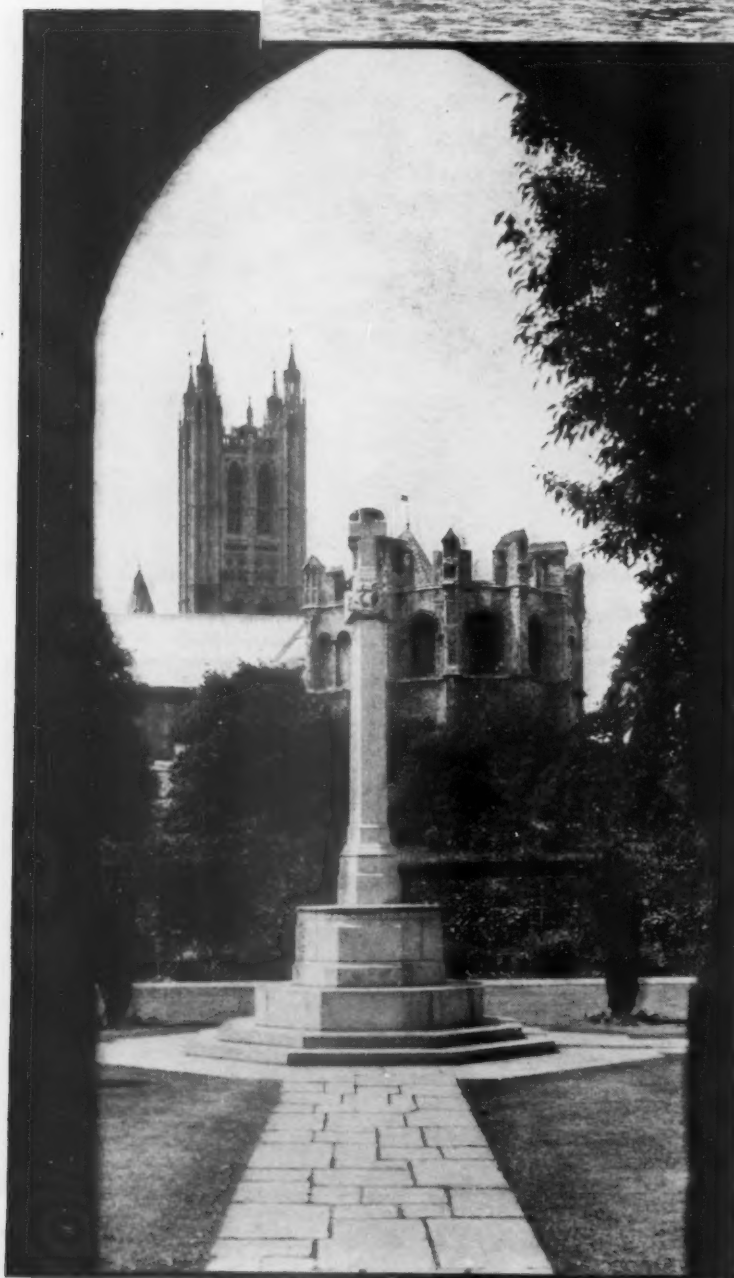


Photo: Publishers Photo Service



standing in doorways appeared to be in robust health and extreme good nature.

Leaving Newcastle on the east coast of England to drive to Lake Windermere with the Galloways and Sam Smith, of the Newcastle club, I received a new conception of Old World distances. As the crow—or airplane—flies, the distance from coast to coast is only sixty miles; by road, scarcely eighty. It is easy to cross England by car in three hours.

ALTHOUGH England does not ballyhoo her scenery, she possesses all the scenic elements that charm the mind and delight the eye. The rhododendrons were in bloom as we drove along Lake Windermere after several hours spent on winding hilly roads where black and white lambs scuttled away wildly at our approach. Windermere and the adjacent group of finger lakes serve to remind the traveller of Wordsworth and recall the exquisite beauty of the Italian lakes. To drive among them in May or June is an experience to be remembered long after one's travel note-book is lost in the attic.

Manchester was our next port of call. No American could fail to appreciate its importance in the development of Southern agriculture, due to its spinning industry. The spindles [*Continued on page 53*]



"'Then we will have to sell out your business and your home,' he said. 'But I will fight,' declared Mr. Huckleberry . . . 'I will be hard as nails, too'."

The Case of Mr. Huckleberry

By Will Rose

Illustrations by Edwin P. Couse

BANK directors in America have been passing through a harrowing experience which may be divided into a number of definite stages. The banks have not been able to sell their bond investments at the depressed market values without inviting disaster. With legal reserves facing depletion, there was only one way to turn; loans must provide the cash, or collateral on loans must be sold.

In a former, truly capitalistic era, this would have been done, possibly with regret, but without prolonged remorse. But now, behold a miracle! The strong have first sacrificed themselves. In justice to

The banker must make money, but the depression has shown that foreclosing Huckleberry isn't always the best way to do it.

thousands of bank directors far and wide, let it be reported that those of them who had loans took them out of their respective banks, in many instances by the sale of their collateral, before squaring away at their communities.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation and more liberal reserve discount laws came to the rescue just in time; mortgaged homes and farms have been saved temporarily from the most hated villain in



"All income comes from outside sources. The going business is the soul of the property."

American fiction and life. The result is the world's greatest all-time act in maintaining equilibrium. For the first time in the history of America, men and women are being rated and maintained by society on the basis of their honesty, industry, and ability to earn a livelihood,

rather than on the basis of present wealth.

If my observations—and I might add, honestly, my interpretations of my personal contacts and experiences with the present situation—are correct, it is not difficult to approach a proof of this contention. Perhaps the simple case method is the best procedure, substituting fictitious names to gain the protection of anonymity.

Stanley Randolph manages a small corporation form of business, which operates a factory making a type of vehicle. He has kept his doors open since 1918. Operating against many unjust handicaps, Mr. Randolph has many times demonstrated a great resourcefulness.

In one emergency he invented a cheap power saw for printers—and he paid his bills with a little to spare. At another time he had worked up a profitable business in cheap auto bodies with about 1,200 Ford dealers east of the Mississippi, when Mr. Ford suddenly announced a steel body which he preferred his dealers to sell, though it cost the purchaser twice as much. Mr. Randolph worked off his finished stock slowly, direct to Ford owners, and in the meantime developed a fairly profitable business in pocket-size wood block puzzles. But in the fall of 1931 he had run into debt with the bank to the extent of six thousand dollars, and was called before the discount committee.

"MR. RANDOLPH," said the chairman, "the bank examiner has ordered us to get this loan out of the bank. It will have to be paid."

Quietly, Mr. Randolph tried to reassure the committee. He told them that the factory was giving employment to a number of local family heads, that he was running only enough to fill orders, that it was only good business to retain his list of customers by giving them service, that material sources must be paid if he expected to continue ordering stock, and that, in general, it would seem to be good judgment to carry the loan a while longer since the depression should have about run its course.

But the chairman insisted that the bank examiner had given his orders, leaving the bank without discretion in the matter.

"Then," said Randolph, "you will have to come down to the factory and sell us out."

The chairman laughed. "What do you think are the prospects under a forced sale?" he asked.

"You would probably collect your loan, but part of it would have to be in the form of buildings and land."

"What's the real estate worth?"

"Probably ten thousand dollars to a going concern. To the bank—empty—it is worth less than nothing. The best possible use of the real estate is being made now. I don't see any prospect for you to sell. By taking it over and wiping out our concern, you will gain the privilege of paying the insurance and taxes every year, to say nothing of a dwindling credit through depreciation."

"I'll tell that to the bank examiner," said the chairman with a nod to his associates.

"I would," said Randolph, dryly. "If he doesn't know anything at all, it's time he learned something before he examines any more banks."

"Well, forget it," said the chairman, "and go on with your work. I fail to see how we can help things by forcing collection of the loan. If you can do enough business to meet insurance and taxes, keep some family heads employed, satisfy the bill collectors, pay your interest, and, possibly, whittle down the loan, that looks like the best job for society at present."

Mr. Randolph's case proves the modern fallibility of an industrial mortgage. Real estate or physical property is about the least valuable asset in an industry, whether large or small. This type of business does not depend upon a community demand which is likely to flow into its doors regardless of management. All income comes from outside sources. The go-

ing business itself is the soul of the property. Kill the soul, and nothing but a worthless carcass is left in times of depression when there is absolutely no market for factory real estate.

BUT the Randolph case is only partly conclusive, and so we proceed to Case Two, which is that of a community individual doing business under his own name.

Heinrich Huckleberry is forty-two years old. And Heinrich is a good man in any kind of organized society. Straight, honest, industrious, intelligent, his word is as good as his bond which, in times past, has been worth a few thousands at least. He is a modern blacksmith.

But Mr. Huckleberry is in debt. Back in 1925 he had grown gradually into the possession of about nine thousand dollars worth of stocks and bonds, mostly bonds of the railroads, and some stocks in the automobile companies. In that year, however, he sat down with his honest [Continued on page 60]



"The cashier of the bank was very fond of roasted peanuts."



Photo: © Pinney

These typical young communist machinists are learning their craft under the watchful eye of a foreman. Like Senka, they intersperse their work with study.

Pages from a Russian Note-Book

By Bryllion Fagin

SENKA—He is sixteen but looks fourteen or even younger. He is a short, thin, blond boy, with a smooth, shaven head, a smiling face, and alert eyes. He is a student at a *fabzouch* (a factory-school) where he studies engineering four hours a day and then works three hours. He receives forty-five rubles a month.

Every morning he gets up at half-past five and takes a bus—generally so crowded that he has to be very active to board it—which brings him to the factory buildings on the outskirts of the little city. At seven o'clock he eats a light breakfast, consisting of tea with a piece of black bread. Some days he is fortunate to receive a lump of sugar with his tea; more often he drinks his tea with a piece of hard candy. He then begins his studies, which include mathematics, physics, mechanical drawing, the White Russian language, German, and political grammar. At noon he proceeds to the dining hall where, for thirty kopeks, he buys a plate of *borsht*

Brief pen sketches of the sort of men and women you would stop to chat with if you were to wander off the beaten trails in Soviet Russia.

(a thin beet soup) with a piece of black bread and a saucerful of fruit compote. Between the hours of one and four he works, making models for steel tools. He then again boards a bus, this time homeward bound.

Senka's father is a bookkeeper. At the dinner table, tired with the day's work, he begins his perpetual complaints. Conditions are bad. "We haven't enough food," he says. "We have nothing but rags to wear. We haven't any dishes. And nobody seems to care. Things were hard enough last year; they will be still harder this year; and next year we'll all starve. And nobody cares." Senka eats his victuals in silence. He is a Comсомолец (Young Communist) and wears on his breast a glass red star with a tin hammer and sickle in its center. He finishes his meal, gets up, fixes his belt on his shirt so that its ends hang down on his right side, and is off to stroll in the street, at-

tend the movies, or sneak into the circus. He likes Harold Lloyd and especially to watch the antics of acrobats and trapeze workers.

Once we passed a troop of Red soldiers. "We need an army," he explained, "because we are surrounded by bourgeois nations who would destroy us in one day if we had no defense."

Another time we saw thousands of cords of birch-wood neatly stacked along the shores of the Dnieper, and I remarked at the pity of using it for winter fuel. "Even if we had enough coal," he replied, "we would have to have another Five-Year Plan just to rebuild our furnaces so that they could burn coal instead of wood."

And once I asked him why he attended a White Russian school where he learned a language not his own. "After all," I argued, "you are a Russian, and you have the privilege of studying in a language which is not only native to you but which is also more generally used by your people."

"I did go to a Russian school at first," he answered. "But nearly all the upper-class boys there are sons of doctors and dentists and former traders. I want to be among the children of workers and peasants. I am going to be a proletarian engineer and I want to keep company with the proletariat and not with people who still have bourgeois ideas."

Senka wears his red star with pride.

BEBA—She is a blond beauty of Junoesque proportions. Her skin is marvelously fair; her eyes are blue; she wears her hair in a long braid arranged as a wreath on her head. She is twenty-five years old. Generations of upper-middle class intellectuals have transmitted to her face an expression of intelligence and good-breeding. Yet she is unhappy because she did not have the right kind of ancestors.

Beba works as a bookkeeper. For a long time she was unable to secure a position. Once she took an examination as secretary to the head of a city trust. She passed it and was placed first on the list for appointment, but she did not get the job, because her ancestry did not appeal to

the Political Bureau. Her father is a physician; her mother was once the director of a girls' *pension*; her grandmother was a social leader under the old régime. She finally secured a position in a local coöperative, after her father had given up his lucrative private practice and spent three years in a distant village working among peasants.

"I tried to tell people," she says, "that my father is only a peasant risen to the eminence of a doctor, but no one believed me. 'You don't look like the daughter of a peasant,' they'd say. It was very hard."

It must have been. But it is obvious that no girl with such eyes, such fairness of complexion, and such patrician nostrils ever could be the daughter of a peasant.

"And now," she continues, "every once in a while, during my day off, I have to go to a *kolkhoz* (collective farm) to help with the harvest. I can't seem to get used to such work; every time I go there I come back aching all over. I have to go there again next Friday and my back and arms ache in anticipation. Yet if I should fail to show up my name will appear on the black board at the coöperative, and some smarty might even draw a cartoon of me, and I shall be looked upon with contempt."

She speaks slowly in a quiet, slightly husky voice.

Photo: Underwood & Underwood



Comrade Zbarskaia, of the Krassin Commune, in Crimea, is smiling because she has been declared the best woman tractorist in Russia.

Against the background of contemporary Russia, with its toil and frugality, her languid feminine figure seems incongruous, an ironic slip of fate. One thinks of plantation days in sunny Dixie and of soft-voiced ladies presiding over manorial tables. . . .

TWO MONOLOGUES—Our train is moving across the fertile plains of the Ukraine. In the privacy of our coupé, Volkov, propped against the window sill, talks quietly. He is a short, bald-headed man, except for long straggly hair in the back. He wears thick glasses on a black string.

"One talks because one must . . . One wants to tell the truth to somebody. So many foreigners come and see nothing. Our life is a nightmare. We are all imprisoned here, and no news of us is permitted to leak out to the outside world. Generally, we are afraid to talk, but once in a while, on an occasion like this, one forgets to be afraid and talks. There is no unemployment in Russia, but we get nothing for our work, not enough to live on.

"I am a writer, a novelist," he went on. "My novels don't sell—not because they are bad novels, but because they don't possess the virtues of proletarian literature. I can't

All Sovietland is proud of the hydro-electric plant at Dniepropetrovsk. This shock brigade worker on duty there is reading a factory bulletin.

Photos: Underwood & Underwood



write propaganda. I don't deal in tractors and statistics. I write of the life I knew before the revolution in St. Petersburg—and it wasn't all bad. My novels are issued in small editions, are censored, mutilated. We are all enslaved. My wife is a doctor and receives two hundred rubles a month. She isn't able to buy a pair of shoes for her money. I have to edit an economic magazine in which I print figures I know to be false. I dare not even suggest that they are, for I can prove nothing. Nobody can. Who compiles these figures? Who verifies them?

"We have no literature today. Our best writers are unknown. Only the 'good boys' get themselves published, and are translated into foreign languages. Our drama is a desert. A play like Bulgakov's *Days of the Turbines* was suppressed because it pictured the opponents of the Soviet régime as human beings rather than as a mob of rascals. When Bulgakov wrote to Stalin protesting against this persecution, his play was permitted to see the light of production again, and Bulgakov was given a job as a *regisseur*. But even with such rectifications our drama is nothing but dramatizations of *Pravda* editorials. We destroy everything and produce nothing. Our people starve. In the old days only a small percentage of our people went hungry; now everybody does—except an infinitesimal number of bureaucrats.

"Why the people continue to tolerate this yoke? My dear sir, I cannot answer such a question. I am afraid: let that be your answer."

NOW—The White Russian landscape. Extensive forests, especially of silver-birch, fields, villages, collectives, new factory buildings. Akulinov stands at the window, in the narrow corridor, and watches the passing scenery with eager eyes. He is a tall, muscular giant of a man with a shaven head. He wears a clean, worker's blouse.

"There is another plant going up." He pointed. "Our Five-Year Plan has gone over the top. I was a sailor, and now I am a student at the Leningrad Academy of Marine Engineering. I am on my way to the Black Sea for two months' practical work. We are learning how to build ships—and [Continued on page 52]

"And then there is the legion that fishes because it's the most personal, most human, happiest sport in the world."

That's Fishin'!

By Bob Becker

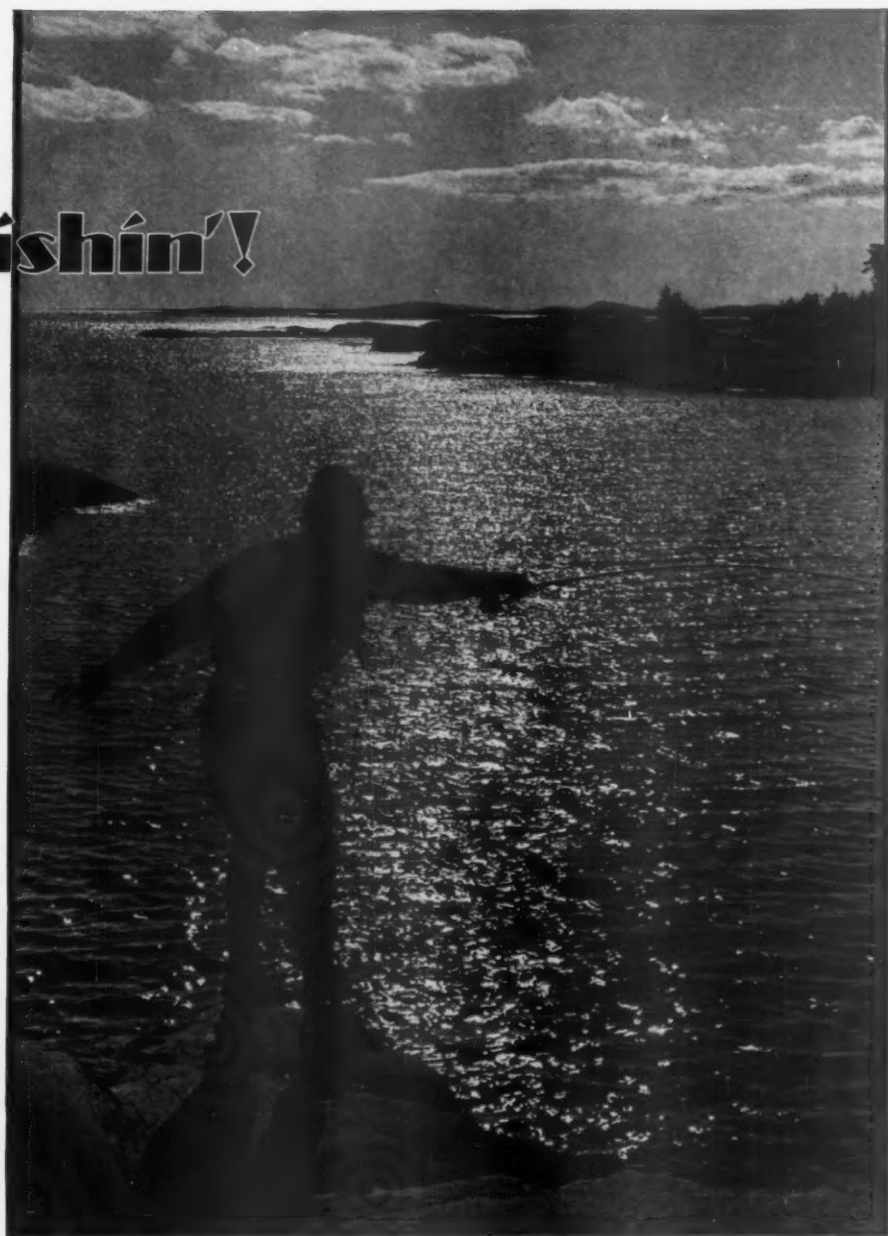
IT IS possible that ten million people can be wrong. But it isn't very likely. Some 10,000,000 folks in the Western Hemisphere go fishing every year. A number of them travel thousands of miles just to catch a salmon or a tarpon. Others can take a cane pole, park themselves in a warm sun, relax on a nearby lake or stream, and commune with nature, utterly content with the world. That's fishin'!

There isn't any doubt but that most of the ten million fish for fish. But thousands go fishin' to escape the pressure and speed of their lives. And then there is legion that fishes because it is the most personal, most human, happiest sport in the world. Fishing is their choice as a sport, summer or winter, because it means getting out of doors in a comradeship that cannot be equaled in any other sport. The pungent fragrance of balsams and pines at sunrise; the startled flight of birds; the resounding splash of a hungry, jumping fish on a still lake; the long shafts of saffron marching across the sky before the rising sun; the cathedral quality of the early morning hush on a secluded lake in the north country . . . all these are a part of fishing. No, ten million fishermen can't be wrong. This fishing game goes deep into a fellow's soul and does things to him.

But there is more to fishing than this. One never can tell what is going to happen in fishing, and it

makes no difference whether one is after bass, muskie, trout, wall-eyed pike, bluegills, or crappies. Fickle Lady Luck turns the wheels. You rig up your tackle and you take a chance. Moreover, there is always something new, some surprise in trying to outwit the finny tribes. If you doubt it, just pull up your chair and listen to this episode of the violet-ray angleworms and the northwoods trout.

When Carroll and Norwood joined me at the train to start on a May-first, cold-weather trout trip there was more than the glint of battle in Norwood's eye. Those two fellows are inseparable hunting and fishing partners. And what a pair! They are always ragging each other. But this time it was obvious that something new was in the air. When I came up to



Photos: John Kabel



go aboard the train it looked as if tall, blond Carroll was after Norwood and the latter was grinning all over. Apparently he had put over a coup.

"I've got a story for you, Bob," Carroll said as he walked down the aisle of the Pullman. "What do you suppose Norwood has been up to? Look at him. Bragging already about his super-worms, the worms dug by electricity, guaranteed to be full of vim and vigor and irresistible to any trout, catfish, or other member of the finny tribes."

"Go on," I replied carelessly. "You are only kidding."

"I'm not kidding. Come on, Norwood. Tell him about that can under your arm. Tell him how many volts and watts or what."

"Just how much," asked Norwood still grinning, "do you know about worms?"

"Worms is worms to me," I replied, still a little baffled by the conversation and wondering what was

"One can never tell what is going to happen in fishing, and it makes no difference whether one is after bass, muskie, trout, wall-eyed pike, bluegills, or crappies."

up. "They're small legless, invertebrate, crawling animules which burrow—"

"Yeah, but never mind all the science, Doc Becker. We know. Worms is synonymous with garden hackle. Now just lean back on the cushions, Bob, and let me bring you up out of the dark ages."

"About worms?"

"Yes, on how to dig 'em and how to get super-worms."

AND then Norwood revealed the great triumph of modern science as applied to fishing. He had a new device for using electricity. He plugged into a light socket in his house and ran a cord outside to which was attached a needle-like affair. This business went into the ground. Turn on the juice—and the worms come up to the top of the ground. It sounded fine. Think of it, giant worms responding to the call of electricity like a fire engine answering a 4-11 alarm.

"Why, some of them threatened to chew right through the tin can," boasted Norwood proudly, as he pointed to a two-quart can which he handled gingerly. "They get so 'hopped' with electricity that you can't do anything with them. Boy, what they will do to the trout when they start wiggling in the stream!"

What are you going to do with a fellow like that? Carroll and I gave up and tried to talk about something else. For example, Blaney, Michigan, and its streams which we were about to fish for the first time that year. There are some great streams and lakes up there. Of course it was pretty cool. And we knew that 75,000 ardent Michigan trout fans would be abroad. But who cares when the trout season opens? A fellow must fish even though the weather may be a bit arctic in quality. Going so far north in the Upper Peninsula, the home of big rainbow and brook trout, we expected chilly breezes, possibly high water, and, of course, little or no fly fishing. So practical Norwood, knowing that it would be mostly bait fishing if we were to get fish, had supplied himself with a whop-

ping big supply of fat, violet-ray angleworms, each shot full of electricity!

Well, all the way up to Blaney, Norwood was kidded. How we "razzed" him. But all he said was, "Wait and see. Bet I'll get the biggest trout of any of you purist trout fishermen. Sissies. Afraid to try some real bait. I'll show you."

It was cold, all right, at Blaney. Cool penetrating winds came streaming down from Lake Superior and conditions for fishing looked none too good. After donning the red flannels and the earmuffs we got out our tackle and started for the Driggs. Here is one beautiful stream. Lovely sand and gravel bottom, current enough, deep holes in the bends; the stream had everything.

It was too chilly to remove our hats. But the party was tense when Norwood opened his can of super-worms. Carroll retreated for a moment, picked up a big club and then, much to the amusement of the guide, made believe he was going to get ready to ward off any attacking angleworms which might still be too full of life because of their shot of electricity. But Norwood smiled blandly at this bit of ridicule and filled his bait can.

"Well, the bets are still on," he announced quite cockily. "At lunch I will have five dollars backing my best fish against all comers. How about you Mr. Gary, any catfish, suckers, trout, or wall-eyed pike you want to enter in the contest?"

Carroll with his back against the wall naturally snapped up the challenge and with a few parting shots at

Norwood and his "Century of Progress" worms, we started to pull on waders and get ready for action.

That is, everybody but the guide put on rubber wading pants. He hastily assembled his rod, put bait on a hook, stepped down to the stream, and floated his spinner and bait down to a log jam which was a reminder of the days when timber crews harvested the jack and white pine along the Driggs. In about three seconds, one, two, three, I saw the guide make an upward sweep of his rod and bingo! there was a trout. Boy! What a start for the morning. It was a thirteen-inch brook trout. [Continued on page 50]



"Once the old disease 'angloitis' gets in the blood, you're done for."

Cutting Medical Costs

1. Is the Group Plan the Best Remedy?

By Lewellys F. Barker, M. D.



THANKS to the continuous application of the method of science to the solution of the problems of disease, medicine has made far greater progress in the last few decades than at any previous time in the history of the world. Knowledge of the symptoms and of the causes of human ailments has undergone vast expansion; hosts of new technical methods of diagnosis have been devised; and entirely new and effective measures for the prevention of disease, for the cure of disease, and for ameliorating the conditions of the sufferers, have been placed at the disposal of the doctor.

These great advances in medicine have led to (1) a marked division of labor with specialization of function among medical workers, (2) a higher education and a larger and costlier period of training for the doctors, (3) a greater use of hospitals and of more expensive equipments of various sorts than were formerly necessary, and (4) an ever-increasing and more urgent demand that all members of society, rich and poor, urban and rural, shall receive the fullest benefits that modern medicine can bestow.

As everyone knows, public health, sanitation and preventive medicine in general, as well as medical activities of the army, navy, the Marine Hospital Service and the Veterans' Bureau, are functions that have been taken over in the United States largely by gov-

An appeal for fair consideration by both layman and doctor of the much discussed group scheme for buying services and combatting ill health.

ernmental agencies (federal, state, and municipal). They have their own schools, their own departments of research, their own practitioners. The doctors that teach, investigate, and practice in this way, as well as the public health nurses, are government employees on a salary basis.

It is evident that in these directions, the so-called state medicine in the United States has already gone far.

It takes longer and costs more to become a doctor of medicine today than ever before. Most medical schools require two or more years of work in a college of arts before they will admit students to the study of medicine. And after four years in the medical school proper, the newly fledged graduate in medicine spends at least one year, often two or three, as an interne or resident in a hospital where he secures the practical training that has become almost indis-

pensable as a part of his preparation. Thus, the doctor has reached the age of twenty-six or twenty-eight and has made a capital investment of several thousand dollars before he begins to receive any income from medical work, and even after he starts regular practice, his income in the earlier years of his career is commonly meager.

It is obvious, therefore, that if he is to live and support a family in the manner expected of a member of a learned profession and is to make any adequate financial provision for his later life, it will be necessary for him to receive during his curtailed period of maximal earning power a larger income than that required by a non-professional man of the same intellectual and social level. And yet in 1929, when the United States was still prosperous, one-half of the physicians had net yearly incomes of \$3,800 or less and one-third of them of \$2,500 or less.

In view of all this, we can be sure that during the present economic crisis the incomes of all doctors have been markedly reduced. That becomes a most important factor in the problem at hand.

Though a large percentage of the complaints about which patients tell their doctors turns out to be due to minor ailments, easily corrigible by

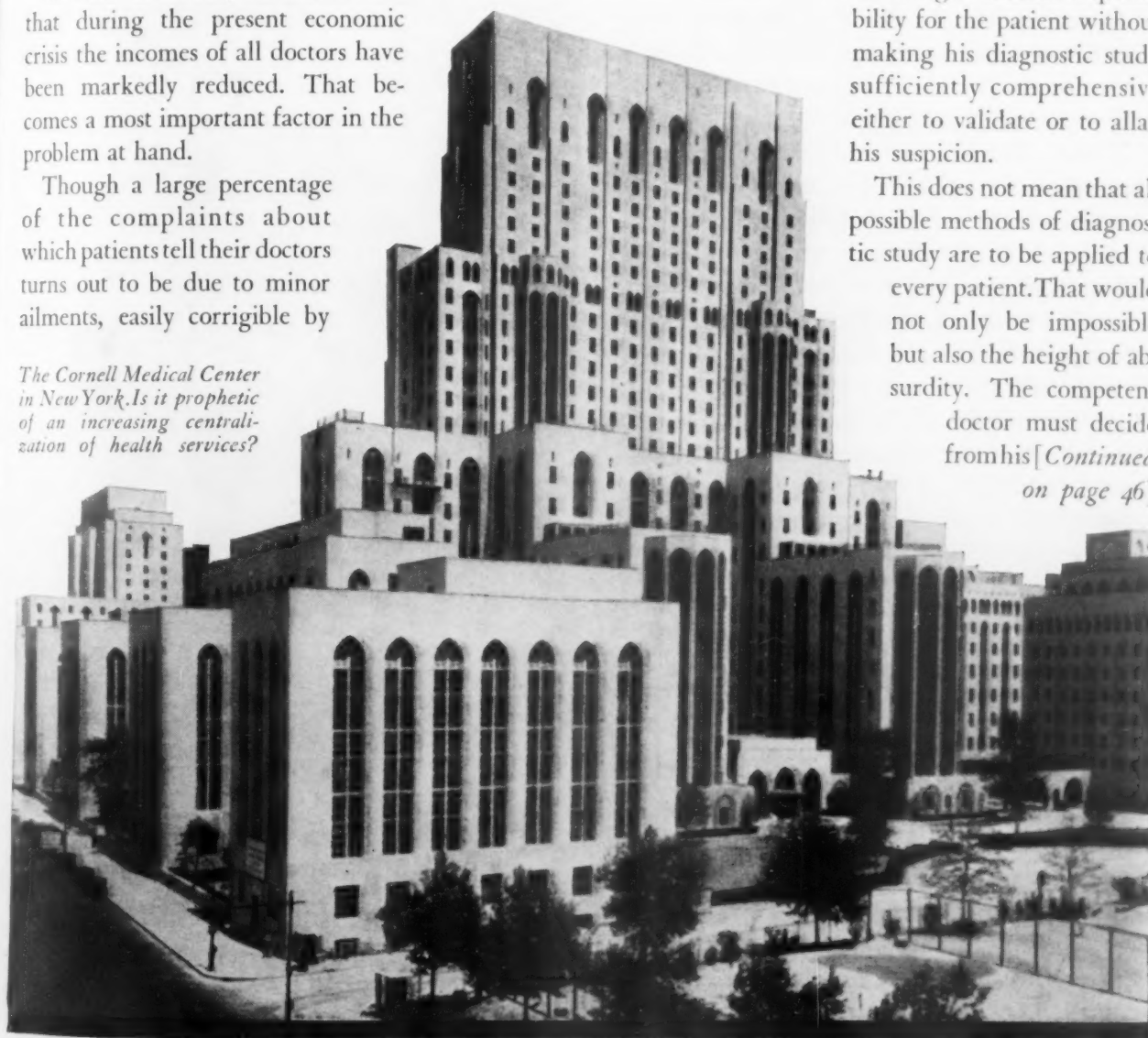
hygienic advice and simple remedies, it is important for the doctor to be sure that he is not in reality dealing with some major ailment that is in its incipency. The public does not easily forgive a doctor who mistakes the pain of an appendicitis for "simple indigestion," the cough of an incipient pulmonary tuberculosis for a "prolonged cold," the bleeding of a cancer within the rectum for that from a "pile," or the pain in the head due to a developing brain tumor for an attack of migraine.

IN MANY of the cases thought to be so simple that a general practitioner with a small handbag could dispose of them rapidly and at small cost to the patient, the conscientious physician who has been thoroughly trained may suspect the possibility of something more seriously wrong. He may be

unwilling to assume responsibility for the patient without making his diagnostic study sufficiently comprehensive either to validate or to allay his suspicion.

This does not mean that all possible methods of diagnostic study are to be applied to every patient. That would not only be impossible but also the height of absurdity. The competent doctor must decide from his [Continued on page 46]

The Cornell Medical Center in New York. Is it prophetic of an increasing centralization of health services?



Cutting Medical Costs

2. Is the Group Plan the Best Remedy?

By Arthur C. Christie, M. D.

AFTER a five-year investigation the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care has published a summary of its findings in two sizable volumes. The factual volume contains the information that the United States spends annually 3 billion, 600 million dollars for medical care and that this amount is about 4 per cent of the total income of the people. The sum includes not only what is spent for care of the sick and injured but also the expense of public-health activities. About 514 millions, or 14 per cent of the total, is met by taxation and about 185 millions comes from private philanthropy. About one billion dollars is paid to the doctors of the country.

Now 4 billions 600 millions seems a huge sum to pay for medical care, but its relative place in the expenses of the people is better understood when it is remembered that the people spend considerably more annually for tobacco, candy, chewing gum, and cosmetics. The real difficulty lies not in the total amount expended but in the uneven distribution of the costs of sickness. The 2.9 billions spent by individuals is not spread evenly over the 123 millions of the population; only among the 60 per cent of them who are ill annually.

Further than this, of the 60 per cent of them who are ill, about 80 per cent have light illnesses which cause little financial burden. The real hardship comes to the 20 per cent who have prolonged or unusually expensive illness. This reduces the problem to the 20 per cent of 60 per cent of the people who have what has been called "high-cost illness." We can further eliminate from the problem the rich, who can take care of themselves, and the indigent who are taken care of by the community. The great complaint comes from the so-called moderate-income class, which, of

The shortcomings of the large-unit scheme as seen by one who supported the minority view of the committee that recently made a five-year study.

NO



course makes up the majority of those who receive any income at all.

With the problem thus reduced, it is still a problem which demands solution. At its minimum there are still a great number of families who find it difficult or impossible to pay the costs of hospitalized or prolonged illnesses or for those illnesses which require expensive surgical or other special treatment.

No one understands the extent of these difficulties any better than members of the medical profession. It is realized within the profession that certain changes in methods and improvements in practice can be of assistance in solving the problems of the costs of medical care. In the field of medical education, for instance, it is important that greater emphasis than heretofore be placed upon the training of physicians in the methods of disease prevention as it applies to public health and to the individual. Not only must the general practitioner be trained to occupy a larger field, but there must be better training and better control of specialists. Waste must be eliminated by continued efforts of the profession and representatives of the public. All of these problems are being attacked energetically through the initiative of the medical profession.

The problem is complex and difficult, and in approaching it our first care should be to conserve all of the important values in our present methods of medical practice. Among these none are more vital than the personal relationship between patient and physician, the free choice of physician by the patient, and those aspects of the practice of medicine which have established it as a great profession with high ethical standards. The cynic may believe the frequently repeated statement that "ethics is bunk," but the fact remains that all social progress depends upon the acceptance of ethical standards.

Medical ethics to the layman, too often unfortu-



"Not only must the general practitioner be trained to occupy a larger field, but there must be better training and better control of specialists. Waste must be eliminated by continued efforts of the medical profession..."

nately, means the efforts of doctors to protect each other and to uphold their guild. It is true that, exceptionally, a wrong may be done in this direction, but medical ethics are founded upon eternal principles of right and justice and from the earliest days of medicine have furnished the incentive for high idealism and unselfish service to mankind. We must not be led by "counsels of desperation" to permit the breaking down of the ethical standards of a great profession in the name of efficiency or lowering of costs.

THE problem should also be approached from the standpoint of what is immediately practical and beneficial under the present conditions of medical progress and social organization. It would be greatly simplified by the elimination of many sources of waste in our present system. Foremost among these are governmental activities in the care of the sick. The government should confine itself to those activities connected with the public health and the public services, such as the army, navy, etc., and should eliminate the excessive waste in the present methods of caring for veterans. There is no good reason why the whole people should be charged with the care of the sickness or disability of veterans [Continued on page 47]

Photo:
Harris
& Ewing



Photo: Alban, Brussels



Photo: Underwood & Underwood



This Month We Present—

THOMAS WATSON SIDWELL (above, left) who founded Washington's (D.C.) non-sectarian, co-educational Friend's School, fifty years ago, taught there until a decade ago, and is still its principal—an alert educator at 74; because his personal influence has been an enrichment of his whole community, and because his school has successfully applied Rotary's Sixth Object by promoting goodwill among its students who have come from 21 nations.

ALBERT CHARLES JOSEPH DEVEZE (above, right) member of the Brussels (Belgium) Rotary Club; because of a notable record in the public life of his country—as attorney at the Court of Appeals, long-time member of the Conseil de l'Ordre, a member of the house of representatives for the civil district of Brussels, and present minister of the national defense.

MAJOR OSCAR KRUPP (left, center) ordnance department, United States army, commanding officer of Augusta Arsenal, Augusta, Georgia, where he is an active member of the Rotary club; because of his contribution to the welfare of the community, particularly as chairman of the Augusta Traffic Commission, in which capacity he was the energetic and guiding spirit in a movement which has brought about a sharp reduction in the number of automobile accidents in Augusta.

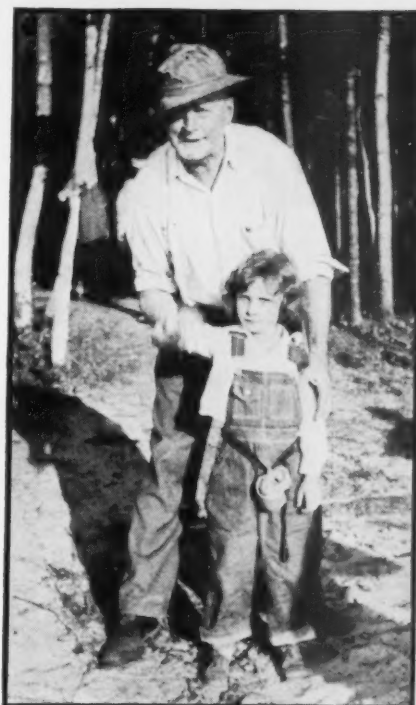
CLARENCE EUGENE MARTIN (left), lawyer, scholar, historian, university trustee, and honorary member of the Martinsburg (West Virginia) Rotary Club; because of an outstanding legal career which has brought him many honors, recently climaxed by his election as president of the American Bar Association.

CHARLES HUNT (upper left), the grand secretary and librarian of the Grand Lodge of the State of Iowa, a former president of the Cedar Rapids Rotary Club. He was a founder of the National Masonic Research Society and has pursued extensive historical research, bringing to his institution a notable collection of rare manuscripts and books. His scholarship has been recognized in numerous honors and offices that have come to him from various learned and fraternal groups.



Photo: Andrew, Wellington, N. Z.

DAVID SMITH (upper, right) judge of the New Zealand Supreme Court, former president of the Rotary Club of Wellington, and for many years actively concerned in the establishment of the Rotary movement in New Zealand; because he has been appointed American non-national member of the Conciliation Commission set up in accordance with the treaty of peace between the United States and Peru—a tribunal for prompt action to settle controversies arising during times of peace.



LEO A. BISHOP (above), because as director of a leading summer camp for girls in northern Wisconsin, he has for a number of years been an important factor in the development of American youth. "Big Chief," as he is known to hundreds of girls throughout the United States, is a charter member of Three Lakes Rotary. As chairman of one of the first conservation committees in Rotary and as an authority on natural history, he has done much to preserve the wild life and natural beauty of this summer playground.

FRANK HAMACHEK, SR. (above), Kewaunee, Wisconsin, Rotarian, because of eminent service in promoting the welfare of the pea canning industry for which the faculty of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin has recently given special recognition with the approval of the regents of the university; and for outstanding service, which has resulted in an enriched community life. His own Rotary club and the Madison (Wis.) Rotary Club have paid special tributes to him.

Out of a sordid panorama
passing before a social
worker—steps this youth!



Restoration

By Frederic E. Greene

OUT of those sprawling sentences, expressed so naively and copied so laboriously—as a boy would—there sprang into life for me a bit of romantic history.

I saw Nute Oleson again. I saw his quick smile, I heard his laughter, treasured his frank simplicity. He was tousled and unkempt, but picturesque, very—as colorful as a picaroon. There was the upward twist of a blue handkerchief knotted about his neck; the ripple of Saxon hair; a slender, tapering waist under a firm belt. His hands were large. His shoes had travelled a long road. The worn sweater and shapeless trousers could not conceal the fullness of limbs and torso finely moulded. You got the impression of energy, of adventure, of a live thing that answered with quick life. In an office where boys from north and south and east and west meet, catch brief glimpses of each other and are drawn away into a thousand channels, some to return in tears, some in

*"Of course, he had
wanted to talk with
his mother . . . but
. . . it seemed eas-
ier just to slip out."*

*Illustrations by
Edwin P. Couse*

laughter, in defeat, in victory, some never to return—in such a place, even in the heart of New York, he was a figure among figures.

I caught again the mystery of his freshness, like a burst of spring foliage over a street of old houses. He was not yet of that empire of shadows into which so many of us were slowly drawn, merely to be more New Yorkers, bored by its crassness, dulled by its inane tragedies, intoxicated by the daring of an imagination that belonged to the world and the flesh, if not to the devil. Here was *naïveté*; here were dreams that held me in fascination.

Out of a distant, western city, meshed in the failure of banks and the loss of farm profits, had come to my desk the letter that had evoked these memories. I

could see Nute Oleson writing that letter to me . . . the meager chamber, the awkward pen, the set of his jaw, the smoking lamp that cast grotesque shadows on the bare wall, the look of peace in his wide blue eyes. There wasn't so much in the letter. To me the worth lay rather in what it did not, what it could not say; what the boy in the silence of a dreaming youth could not put into words for a chance friend in a remote and disturbed city. That he had written, was, for the moment, enough. It brought me a sense of respite, the gesture of a benediction. It covered this episode of a black winter with warm, diffused light. It mentioned, in a careless manner, as a boy's letter would, a gracious person who would live for me only as a faint star in far-off skies.

That letter rebuilt for me a sense of larger freedom. After all, we weren't walled in by lawmakers and bankers. There still were human needs that could not be met by gold or law, but only by simple human response—the brush of a soul against soul. We had brushed against each other, that western boy and I. At the time of his great need, I had been there. Now quite unconsciously on his part, he offered me a welcome gift.

I placed the letter on my desk, half unfolded where I could catch an occasional glimpse of the uphill, down-dale writing, where I could see the sharp smear of a sweaty thumb on a white page. Fair pictures floated out of a sea of dim and almost forgotten memories, to crowd like blessed spirits into the fixed and somber spaces of our offices above a great Manhattan thoroughfare.

THESE pictures brought me assurance. They were definite steps in a sequence of events that had ended in restoration, in conciliation, in this letter to a waiting friend. With so many boys to serve, I needed to catch all the positive meaning of Oleson's adventure. I found myself then, as I do now, recalling his first words, catching that first vision. With what amazement had I listened to that first rich outburst.

He had heard—what had he not heard about the jobs that boys found in cities? The short hours, the good pay. One had only to work and save. Anyone could see that he had worked. And where had he worked? Oh, on a farm. He could do anything on a

"In a tramps' hide-away near an eastern city I had talked with a seasoned hobo . . . He saw these boys for what they are—brave, lonely . . ."



farm—milk, drive a team, plow, cut wood, cut ensilage, shear sheep.

My eager thoughts flew far out to a white farmhouse set in a clump of trees. For a moment I could forget the roar of a great city, the cries and mutterings of a traffic that swept northbound, southbound under my windows. I saw paths in the snow, cows that stepped carefully from an open door into the winter sunshine, smoke rising from an ell chimney, and this big, smiling lad moving through it all with a whistle on his lips.

THEN we were in New York again, in its shadows, in its hypocrisy, among its graven images, the glitter of its personal adornment, and I was trying to piece together the fragments of a poignant story as it had come haltingly, modestly, with reservations, with dreams from the fresh lips of one who knew that the world and New York had a good job for him.

Fortunate he who, in these days, can still dream. And Oleson dreamed.

He dreamed on that farm where the Olesons were eight, and times were bad. He thought his father had done the very best he could do. They had all worked hard. Even his mother had finally gone into the fields, when there was no money to hire a man. I was given to understand that his mother had come from folks whose women did not work in the fields. She could sing and play a piano. She was not like some of those neighbor women who splashed about in the mud barefooted.

I gathered that hard times had done something worse than make them hungry. They had had to see their mother put down to a lower level. He felt it, anyway. He knew his father had, too. His father took things awfully hard. He worried about the interest money, couldn't get it off his mind. Finally when there wasn't any interest [Continued on page 57]

"My conviction held fast; Oleson must not stay in New York, not until I was sure there was no other escape for him. And, first, there were dreams that had to be shattered."





Photos: (1 & 2) Culver Service; (3) Lenare

Dame Fashion is a fickle one. She is again smiling upon large sleeves reminiscent of forty years ago (left), but not the \$500 bejewelled corsage of Lillian Russell (center). The athletic figure (right), so runs the imperious mandate, is preferred and to be retained—if possible.

A Matter of Figures

By Samuel Higbee

IF YOU or I or most any mere man were asked, in the course of a Pullman-coach forum, to name the most fickle traits of the human family, feminine vanity would be mentioned.

If you or I were handed pencil and paper and asked to set down the articles of commerce created to satisfy the economic demands growing out of feminine vanity, certainly corsets would be on the list.

And yet in Sydney, Australia, is a corset factory—almost as well known in Europe as in Australia—which, despite the ups and downs of fashion's whims, to say nothing of clipped household budgets, for a decade has been steadily improving its earnings. In 1923 it did a £150,000 business. That was considered satisfactory, but nine years later, in 1932, the concern's statement showed a total of £380,000, a 150 per cent advance.

It is a record that provokes inquiry.

"How," you or I—or most anyone these days—would ask, "do they do it?"

Lurking in the background of the query would be

A brief account of the hows and the whys of an Australian corset manufacturing business which has more than doubled within ten years.

mental pictures of the inconstancy of Dame Fashion—the mantelpiece dauguerreotype of grandmother in her crinoline, upholstered with "plumpers" in front and "bustles" behind; the breeze-blown, straw-hatted Gibson girl in the "hourglass" mode of the 'nineties; her post-war daughter affecting the "debutante slouch" who, if current rumor is credible, was encompassed by no stays at all.

Agreed, a business reared on feminine vanity is founded on sand indeed!

But such runaway logic, it appears, is fallacious. Like much skeptical philosophizing that feeds on male egotism, it doesn't square with facts. Ask tall, quiet-mannered Frederick Burley, the man responsible for Berlei, Ltd., the record-setting Australian corset factory, and he will tell you the corset industry has a place in the history of commerce that makes the radio, the electric refrigerator, and the automobile



These and hundreds of other Berlei employees owe their jobs to an idea. It was that a scientific survey of a large number of women would reveal hitherto unknown facts about hygienic garment fitting and do away with wasteful guesswork in manufacturing and merchandising.

look like raw upstarts of a minute and a half ago.

Certainly, the Greeks had a name for the garment, for as early as 594 B. C. Athenian matrons wore what a contemporary fashion chronicler termed "a tight fitting body wrap." Roman women wore them, and medieval knight's ladies had them—corselets of mail. Catherine de Medici waxed so enthusiastic for what was not inappropriately described as a "whalebone prison" that she rejected the perfect thirty-six ideal of Venus de Milo and insisted that no lady appear in the French court with a waistline which exceeded thirteen inches.

And across the channel, in good Queen Elizabeth's zipperless reign, the socially ambitious maiden was fitted into a garment reinforced with iron stays. It is recorded that as she lay prone on the floor of her boudoir, the mother or maid, with one foot planted in her back, closed the armor—if the laces held!

TODAY, wise-crackers assure us, the corset has been banished to the limbo and domain of museums. They are right—and wrong. The sun-tanned, golf-minded college girl did spurn all such confining contraptions. And yet—and yet, without a murmur of protest, she has accepted a so-called "foundation garment" that is keeping corset factories busy when

automobile plants are operating on part time. And if you happened to stray into the fashion pages of last Sunday's daily you may have observed that the *dernier cri* from the *grandes maisons* of Paris simply takes it for granted that the foundation garment is in the wardrobe of milady of 1933.

So, perhaps, vanity is not such an unreliable foundation upon which to rear an industry, Pullman-car specialists to the contrary. Possibly *it* is the eternal feminine, and what the Old Testament prophet had in mind when he railed, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. . . ."

But there is more than the desire to retain a comely figure in the sales appeal of the modern corset. Designers have buttressed the industry with an appeal far more fundamental and rational: Health. They have cocked an intelligent eye towards facts and figures which reveal that one out of five women works outside the home, that relatively few exercise to offset the nerve-draining strains of urban life. So to milady are now offered garments which demonstrably conserve her health as well as preserve her figure.

This idea was a proverbial "something new" to the industry in 1910 when Mr. Burley resigned a minor position with a Sydney wholesale drygoods house to launch Berlei, Ltd. It developed along ortho-

dox lines and, measured by the usual criteria of commerce, was a success. This gratified but did not completely satisfy its founder. As he grew older a youthful conviction that mere money making was not the be-all and end-all of business matured into a disquieting belief that in accepting a livelihood from society he *per se* incurred an obligation to it.

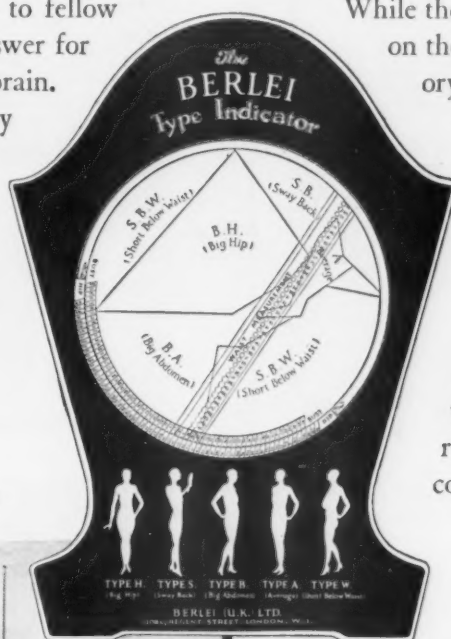
But what was it? And how could it be discharged?

Pious shibboleths such as "service to fellow man" didn't provide an adequate answer for the lobe of practicality in the Burley brain. Nor did the thought that *after* many years devoted to money making he

Three measurements, a quick manipulation of the "type indicator" (right), and the corset saleswoman knows precisely the type and size of garment her customer requires.

The parent Berlei factory (below) at Sydney, Australia, has a lusty offspring at Auckland, New Zealand, and still another at London, England.

Photo: Broughton & Ward



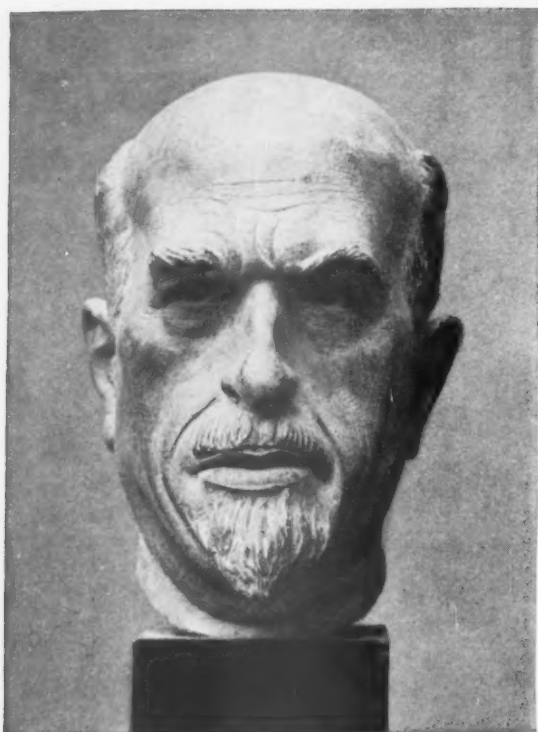
could in old age suddenly become benevolent and strew the land with libraries named for their donor. On the other hand, his sense of fitness approved the way conscientious clergymen, social workers, doctors, teachers, discharged their social debt *during* their active span, concurrently as it was incurred. But they were professional men, and he was a trafficker in a commodity on the fringe of life's necessities!

While the Burley mind was yet a forum on the problem, with sentiment, theory, and practical judgment alternately on the rostrum, Rotary came to Australia. Jim Davidson and L. Layton Ralston brought it. That was in 1921. In 1922, the name, "Frederick Burley," was added to the roster of the Sydney club. "Not as an individual," it was explained, "but as a local representative of your craft—corset-making."

These words struck tinder and blazed into light. Perhaps, he reasoned, one's debt to society for a livelihood can best be paid, not through iso-

lated philanthropies or vain longings for doing impossible services, but through one's own industry or, in Rotary terminology, craft. Could he add to the happiness and health of womankind by more accurately adapting his product to the fundamental human need that gave rise to it?

H E SET about to see. He examined sales records. He studied customer letters. He talked with dealers. He conferred with doctors. Finally, summing up his findings, he decided that the weak link of the industry was improper fitting. But before blaming the saleswomen, he scrutinized the product itself. Possibly it was being made to fit studio mannikins rather than typical women of the cities and farms of Australia. Here he was balked. There was much theory, but infinitesimally little fact. And besides, the master's voice for corset-makers the world over emanated not from medical circles, but from Paris and other fashion centers. [Continued on page 56]



"S. E. Giuriati" by Celestino Petrone



"F. Ciarlantini" by Attilio Torresini



"S. E. De Stefani" by Eleuterio Riccardi



"S. E. Bruno Biagi" by Giulio Marchetti

For the Advancement of Italian Art

ENCOURAGING artists is a popular Community Service activity among Italian Rotarians. Clubs at Bergamo, Florence, Venice, and other cities regularly offer prizes at local exhibitions.

Especially noteworthy are three \$525 awards given

by District Forty-six to young artists at exhibitions held biennially at Venice, triennially at Milan, and quadrennially at Rome. The above pictures are representative of entries at the most recent exhibition at Venice. The two at the top shared the prize.

Some A B C's of Economics

By James G. Hodgson

Author of "Stabilization of Money"

QUESTION: WHAT is inflation?

Answer: *Inflation*—The provision by the government of more money or bank credit than is necessary for conducting business. Issuing new money for payment of government expenses and for retirement of bonds is a favorite method of inflation, but the same results may be obtained through the open market operations or the discount policy of the Federal Reserve System. Any method which increases money or bank credit may be called *inflationary*, but it does not produce inflation unless too much money or bank credit is provided.

Inflation is supposed to *raise prices*. When an excess of fiat money is issued (as in Germany after the World War) people lose confidence in the money, and prices rise greatly. But it is yet to be proven that an inflation of adequately secured money really raises prices. Prices actually rise because more people buy things, i. e. the demand is greater.

Q. What is deflation?

A. *Deflation* is the reduction of the amount of money or credit, and is the antidote to inflation. It can of course be carried too far.

Q. Reflation?

A. *Reflation* is a term coined to take the place of deflation and inflation. It should mean a readjustment of the amounts of money and bank credit to the actual needs of business, but it is sometimes used as a synonym for inflation since that word has a bad reputation.

Q. What does "gold standard" mean?

A. A country which is on the *gold standard* promises to redeem its money in gold on demand. In the United States this means that the government will exchange 25.8 grains of gold, 9/10 fine (9 parts of gold and one part of copper) for every paper or silver dollar presented. Great Britain adopted the gold standard in 1816, the United States in 1853, Germany in 1871, and France in 1878. The United States is now *off the gold standard* since paper or silver money cannot be exchanged for gold, but the value of the money is still expressed in terms of gold.

Q. Why aren't gold coins used more?

A. *Monetary gold* is that gold which is available

Here are answers to financial questions which may be bothering readers of the daily paper or listeners to political harangues.

for use as money or is in the form of money, and does not include gold that is used in the arts or in manufacturing. Nearly all monetary gold is now in the vaults of the central banks, such as the Bank of France, the Bank of England, the Federal Reserve Banks, and the United States Treasury. Most of it is in the form of *bullion*, that is, bars of gold.

Q. Is all paper money fiat money?

A. No. *Fiat money* is paper money which has no adequate metallic backing, and which does not have printed on its face a promise of redemption. There is no fiat money in circulation in the United States now, although there was a large quantity issued during the Civil War.

Q. When are open market operations inflationary?

A. *Open market operations*, as carried on by the Federal Reserve Banks, are the buying and selling of government bonds and other securities in the open market. When bonds are purchased the seller receives money or bank credit, and so the amount of money or bank credit is increased. This is an inflationary move. When bonds are sold money or credit is retired and the move is deflationary.

Q. How much money is there in the world?

A. The *amount of money* in circulation or available changes from month to month. There is in the world only about 12½ billions of dollars worth of monetary gold. About 4 and 1/3 billions (roughly a third of the total) is in the United States. Total *money in circulation* (i. e. in the hands of banks or private persons) in May, 1933, was six billion dollars.

The *money stock* (which includes also that held by the Federal Reserve Banks and the United States Treasury) in the same month was slightly over ten billion dollars. The six billions in circulation had to support bank deposits of nearly 50 billion dollars. In 1931 bank clearings in 176 clearing houses amounted to 452 billion dollars, while in the same year checks cashed in the banks on which they were drawn in 141 cities totaled another 661 billion dollars.

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Editorial Comment

Hail Balbo

GOODWILL flights have been made before, but never has there been one that excelled in magnitude and courage and audacity the one which, as this is written, is making history on Chicago's lake front. There General Italo Balbo and his companions, who have just brought twenty-four airplanes on a 6,100 mile journey from Italy, are being given the ovation such a feat deserves. They have stirred the imagination of the world and with a flash of the dramatic have tipped in glory the theme of the exposition they honor: A Century of Progress.

Yet even more significant than the eloquence that has greeted them, is a statement tucked deep in a news dispatch dictated by the commander.

"My men," he said, "do not represent any particularly exceptional qualities in Italian aviation. They have come from normal personnel circles. I have merely imposed on them a necessary period of preparation at the Orbetello school of aeronautics."

And there you have it. The feat of flying over the Atlantic *en masse* was not the achievement of supermen. It was the work of ordinary men, trained for their task, inspired by leadership and a desire to demonstrate to a credible world the possibilities of aviation. Similarly, Charles Lindbergh, after his epoch-making flight to Paris, requested that news reporters not nickname him "Lucky." "Why," he told one, "I had the best plane and motor I could get. And I took precautions. So you see getting here wasn't luck at all."

It is the spirit of such men as Balbo and Lindbergh—and a galaxy of others—that is aviation's earnest of increasing service to the race. In many countries, civilian transport is almost a commonplace, while in the United States statistics show more persons injured by mules than airplanes! Transport planes, guided by beacons and radio instructions, now follow routes and schedules almost as definite as those of trains.

Man is learning to fly safely. Much remains to be done, of course, but surely recent events earn for all the right to be proud of the courageous way mankind is forging ahead in the conquest of time and space.

What of 2106?

THAT is the question the ever-stimulating Mr. Wells, in his contribution to this issue, raises. He foresees a new social order, with men living simple and sane lives amidst new physical surroundings. His prophecy may, to Rotarians, give rise to musings.

Will Rotary exist in the altered world of two centuries hence? There are those who insist that the whole service movement is an ephemeral manifestation of an age that is accommodating itself to an industrial technology, that it is a "noise between two silences," a thing transitory and fleeting. True, there is the fact to reason away that in the most trying year of a long depression, Rotary has steadily forged ahead with new clubs and that its total membership is but eight per cent short of its peak; but then...

But, if Rotary still carries on in 2106, what of its form? Will the classification principle still hold? Will there yet be the hue and cry that young men are needed? With no crippled children left in the world, what activity will have displaced it? And will the Aims and Objects Plan still be going strong?

Foolish questions, these. But interesting.

Twenty

BACK of the speaker's table in a certain Rotary club, whose name we shall not, of course, mention, stood a brace of flags from many nations.

"I'll wager you the lunch," member A said to member B, "that not one man here can name the correct country for each flag." B was a good sport—and A afterwards remarked that he enjoyed his luncheon that particular day, very much, indeed.

The matter might have stopped there. But it didn't. It led to a program of "Flags of Rotary Nations" which, members agreed, taught them much about overseas neighbors. The idea is not copyrighted, and we take pleasure in passing it on. Also a revised version of it which has emanated from the club at Eugene, Oregon. Here, with a miniature flag flying from a flagpole, there is a brief talk at each meeting on some other land, with Rotary highlights.

But regardless of whether one's Rotary club has meetings of the sort, it is always possible to repair one's knowledge of history and geography, as Abbé Dimnet recently suggested in these columns, by twenty minutes a day of directed readings. The hit-or-miss variety is good so far as it goes, but, it just doesn't go very far. A modicum of organization in one's reading will yield undeniably rich returns in personal satisfaction.

When Going Is Hard

COURAGE and the will to see a worthy cause through are not exclusively northern nor southern, eastern nor western traits. And among service clubs, Rotary is not the only organization with records of clubs that have stood the gaff.

Perhaps it is invidious to cite examples, yet the case of a Rotary club in Michigan seems to stand out. In prosperous times, thirty-six names were on its roster. Then the builder lost his classification; he became a garage mechanic; and the merchant, a clerk. The pharmacist's business waned and he dropped out. The banker—you know his story. Finally, with twenty members left the question came up one Thursday noon: Shall we disband?

"We had a heart to heart talk," the president writes, "When we looked at the problem from all angles, we decided that this wasn't the time to quit, that the community needed Rotary's influence, and, above all, that we who remained needed Rotary."

Dues were suspended for the time being and the luncheon cost was reduced to sixty cents. This paid for the meal and built up a fund to pay the per capita tax, so that Rotary International's program might continue without curtailment. Recognizing a community responsibility, the club joined hands with other service clubs for an inspirational meeting, staged several "stunts" to raise funds for crippled children activities, and held a homecoming for ex-Rotarians—the men who would still be members but for circumstances beyond their control.

Perhaps the spirit of the club is best shown, however, by a little incident. The receiver for local banks

felt that his presence at the weekly luncheons might embarrass some men from whom it was his duty to collect money. Tactfully, he offered his resignation. The club called an executive session, discussed the matter, then delivered to him this message:

"As Rotarians, we respect you the more for doing what you consider your duty to depositors, carrying on fearlessly and honestly. As Rotarians, we cannot let that enter into our Rotarian relations. We vote unanimously not to accept your resignation."

New Rules

THE United States' National Recovery Act is a bold stroke. Overnight, it brands as outlaws those parasitic interests which have long fringed legitimate business and numbed the hands of men who would play the game by rules based on fairness to employee, management, and consumer. It stamps with approval the policy of industries and concerns that operate on the principle that business was made to serve man.

From all of this, Rotarians should take encouragement for, as Charles W. Wheeler, retiring chairman of the Vocational Service Committee, pointed out to governors at the Poland Spring assembly, this is "about the first time that Vocational Service can be carried on legally." Heretofore the government has looked askance at coöperative activity; now it is approved and, indeed, made obligatory.

Business and professional men who have convictions on the subject of commercial bribery, fair prices, honest products, and living wages for workers, now have their innings. Whether their cause is to be vindicated and a new deal permanently written into economics depends, in large measure, on their response to the challenge. Codes of practice and ethics are to be written by someone. By whom if not them?

L'Envoi

"IN FRANCE," Director Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, told friends at Boston, "we have an old proverb which says that in going to a new country, one should make a wish. Mine is that I may come here again."

It is a sentiment in which each of the 8,500 who attended Rotary International's twenty-fourth convention will join. There all New England concentrated a hospitality and friendliness that bore the unmistakable hallmark of sincerity. There, under circumstances as ideal as human ingenuity could make them, was fostered a high inspirational experience.

Rotary now turns back to its workaday activities. But it does not, can not, forget Boston.



Rotary Hole-in-One Club

"IS THE Hole-in-One Club dead?" asks a correspondent. The answer is, "Not at all,"—and here's evidence!

(1) J. M. Burrows, Des Moines, Ia., Wakonda C. C., 156 yards; (2) Ray S. Snodgrass, Vero Beach, Fla., 175 yards; (3) A. R. Coffin, Truro, N. S., Can., 79 yards; (4) Kirk Griggs, Omaha, Neb., Happy Hollow C. C., 166 yards; (5) Ames Higgins, Brooklyn, N. Y., 175 yards; (6) Bennet B. Bristol, Mansfield, Mass., 124 yards.

(7) J. O. McFadin, Shreveport, La., 175 yards; (8) Henry J. Brunnier, San Francisco, Calif., Lake Merced C. C., 167 yards; (9) Samuel J. Criswell, Graham, Tex., Shawnee C. C., 150 yards; (10) George Archer, Zanesville, Ohio, Zanesville G. C., 173 yards; (11) J. Milton Patterson, Cumberland, Md., 175 yards; (12) Dumont M. Hirsch, Los Angeles, Cal., California C. C., 185 yards.

(13) E. E. Arnold, East Hartford, Conn., 167 yards; (14) Albert T. Sloan, Laconia, N. H., Laconia C. C., 135 yards.

(15) George J. Matrin, West Newton,

Mass., Sunset Hill C. C., 158 yards; (16) G. H. Bingham, Scranton, Pa., 145 yards.

(17) Henry G. Frost, Cincinnati, Ohio, White Lake G. C., 125 yards; (18) Horton Bransford, Dallas, Tex., 167 yards.

(19) Frank Cockrell, Madison, Wis., 101 yards; (20) R. T. Gibson, Halifax, N. S., Can., 130 yards; (21) W. T. MacKenzie, Napanee, Ont., Can., Muskoka Beach G. C., 144 yards; (22) H. C. Hyslop, Winnetka, Ill., Wilmette G. C., 135 yards; (23) Ralph L. Rucklos, Van Wert, Ohio, Van Wert's Willow Bend C. C., 124 yards; (24) Hugh Clarke, Coldwater, Mich., 187 yards.

(25) S. W. Greeg, Bradford, Pa., North Penn C. C., 175 yards; (26) Dr. C. C. Latham, Coronado, Calif., 115 yards; (27) Clifford N. Dyer, Grandview, Wash., 145 yards; (28) Robert Koerber, Fort Wayne, Ind., Fort Wayne C. C., 156 yards; (29) Lester O. Barr, Omaha, Neb., C. C., 156 yards; (30) Paul H. Bek, Seward, Neb., Seward G. C., 70 yards.



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Post Convention Jottings

News notes of great and small interest gleaned by THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD—mostly at Boston during the twenty-fourth annual convention of Rotary International, June 26-30.

The Whole Story. The *Convention Proceedings*, giving the complete story of the Boston convention, were ready for mailing July 25.

Radio Scoop. Though the July *ROTARIAN*, containing a full report of the Boston convention (June 26-30) was rolling off the presses within three days after the last gavel sounded, many Rotarian families in North America had already learned of what had taken place through newspapers and radio, particularly the latter. Four national chains, for example, put the New England Men's Glee Club concert on the air, and several speeches and other numbers were broadcast. "We weren't able to come," one far-away radio fan writes, "but we were with you in spirit."

Pianist. One of the guest-performers for the N.E.C. hook-up was Miss Beatrice Herbert, pianist, daughter of Rotarian William Herbert, of Newcastle, Australia. The convention was also otherwise a thrill for him, for it had set him to thinking, while in his distant home, of the possibilities of seeing his two sisters from whom he had parted forty years before in Liverpool, England. He did not know of their whereabouts—except that they lived in Manchester, New Hampshire. He called on the Rotary club there, and a happy reunion was effected.

5,000 Welcomes. It took five thousand flowers to complete a pretentious friendship garden at Somerville, Massachusetts, welcoming conventioners. Under direction of Rotarians, vari-colored plots, grown from seeds supplied by Rotarians of other countries, strikingly set off a huge, living "WELCOME."

Boston Story. Honors for the best Boston story go to Arthur Mayhew, of Uvalde, Texas, incoming director. He tells it on Governor Roy Smith, of Tyler, Texas. Roy, it seems, while waiting for a courtesy car in front of the convention hall, was annoyed by a strange but affectionate dog.

"Lay down!" he commanded. But the dog only redoubled his unwelcome attentions.

"Say mister," a newsboy volunteered, "you'll have to say 'lie down.' He's a Boston terrier."

Friendship Tree. For a decade Mansfield, England, and its namesake, Mansfield, Massachusetts, have exchanged greetings and gifts at Christmas time. The Boston convention provided an opportunity for Wensley T. Humble, president of the overseas Mansfield Rotary club, to perpetuate the tradition by dedicating an oak on the grounds of a two-hundred year old house at the Massachusetts Mansfield.

6,000 Sail. Breaking all records for Boston harbor excursions, 6,000 Rotarians and members of their families took advantage of the Boston club's hospitality, the last evening of the convention, and with army airplanes zooming overhead and fire boats spurring water on either side, steamed away for a moonlight trip down the bay. . . . "Over there," one was confided to his rail companion, "is where the Boston Tea Party took place. That's why the water is still green."

Legislation. Important among legislative acts passed at the Boston convention is creation of a Council on Legislation to be composed of 118 Rotarians representing districts, the territorial unit, regional advisory committees, and other groups within the organization. It will consider proposed legislation and report to the annual conventions.

The matter of an auxiliary language to facilitate international communication was referred to the board of directors. Proposals to provide classified and non-classified memberships and to change the official set-up of Rotary in interests of "continuity" were withdrawn. Continuity, it was stated, is desirable but no plan for increasing it has yet proved acceptable.

The desire of some communities for additional Rotary clubs was recognized by authorizing formation of new clubs in a distinct trade center within the territorial limit of an existing club, but only upon the approval by two-thirds of its entire membership.

Brevity. A few blocks from convention headquarters in Boston was Lincoln Square. There is here an excellent statue of the Great Emancipator. The sculptor's name is not given, but deserves to be. The inscription is notable:

A Race is Saved
A Country at Peace
LINCOLN
Rests from His Labors

A group of three or four British Rotarians had come to pay tribute. They stood with heads bared. "There's brevity for you," one of the group was heard to remark. "Abe Lincoln would have liked that."

Artists All. "Who did it?" scores of delegates at the Boston convention asked, after seeing the great arched stage, shimmering with color and light. The answer is that it was originally conceived by Clinton O. Lawry, a Boston Rotarian, and executed by D. H. Pickering, also of Boston, assisted by Andrew Adriaansen, Belgian artist.

The Wheel Idea. "Well," grinningly remarked Dave Reese, of Ventura, California, outgoing director of Rotary International, "I'm starting it all over. My Rotary club again has made me a director and chairman of the program committee."

Attendance Honors. The Rotary Club of Ballarat, Australia, which won honors at the Denver convention for a delegation having travelled the greatest distance, repeated at Boston. Its two representatives had done 11,817 miles. Second honors went to the Slaton, Texas, delegation; third to Leesburg, Virginia; honorable mention to Parramatta, Australia.

Essayists. Thomas Chin, a Chinese boy, one of a family of ten children, won the Rotary Foundation's \$250 prize for an essay on international understanding and goodwill, in a competition open to Boston high school students. A thousand essays were submitted. Second prize, \$100, went to John Lehan; third, \$75, to S. Vincent Wilking; fourth, \$50, to Dexter W. Gaston; fifth, \$25, to James J. McCormick.

Judges were Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, president of Boston University, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot (son of the late President Eliot of Harvard University), and Norman Rabinovitz—Boston Rotarians.

And Golf. Golfers from Malden, Massachusetts won the Hunter Trophy, in the low handicap tournament; and from Springfield, same state, came the winners of the Clarksburg Trophy, for the high handicap competition. The victors: George P. Kimball and Clarence Cochran, and A. A. Mulliken and C. Harry Graves, respectively.

Past Presidents. The Boston convention was notable for the number of past presidents attending. Came:

Paul Harris, Chicago, 1910-11; Glenn Mead, Philadelphia, 1912-13; Russell F. Greiner, Kansas City, 1913-14; Frank L. Mulholland, Toledo, 1914-15; Arch C. Klumph, Cleveland, 1916-17; Crawford C. McCullough, Fort William, Ontario, Canada, 1921-22; Donald A. Adams, 1925-26; Arthur H. Sapp, Huntington, Indiana, 1927-28; I. B. Sutton, Tampico, Mexico, 1928-29; M. Eugene Newsom, Durham, North Carolina, 1929-30; Almon E. Roth, Palo Alto, California, 1930-31.

Firsts. An observant attendant at the Poland Springs, Maine, assembly of governors of Rotary, held immediately prior to the Boston convention, has prepared this list of honors. It's officially non-official—but interesting.

Youngest governor, William L. Kerr (he's 29!), Pecos, Texas; most persistent golfer, James Beatty, Vancouver, Canada; best yarn spieler, Clayton Rand, Gulfport, Mississippi; unluckiest, honors divided between Edward B. DeGroot (who broke his arm trying to extricate a perilled motorist enroute), Los Angeles, and James G. Card (who arrived but fell sick and had to return), Cleveland, Ohio; baldest, William R. Allen, Montreal, Canada; best extemporizer, Alexander Gueerry, Chattanooga, Tennessee; handiest, Dr. Karel Neuwirt (who helped perform an appendectomy on a ship nurse at sea), Brno, Czechoslovakia; blackest-cigar smoker, W. W. Emerson, Winnipeg, Canada.

Gifts. Numerous presentations enlivened the final day of the convention, but none was more curious and appropriate than a walking stick presented by Governor Thomas C. List, of New Plymouth, New Zealand, to President John Nelson. It is made from a 4,000 year old puriri tree and, according to the Maoris, brings its possessor good health, contentment, and success.

New Board Meets. Rotary's 1933-34 board of directors, with President John Nelson in the chair, convened in Chicago on July 10 for a few busy days. Many matters came up for discussion and action. . . . An increased exchange of speakers between countries was favored. An *ad hoc* committee is to study methods whereby United States clubs may have self-expression—also a medium for transmission of information to them from the Board of Directors. President Nelson was authorized to appoint an advisory committee to confer with the administrator of the U. S. National Recovery Act for assistance to Rotarians in drafting trade association codes of practice.

Readers' Open Forum*

2 + 2 = 4

To the Editors:

I was very much interested in the discussion of the Mississippi Sales Tax in the June issue of THE ROTARIAN. As there pointed out, this is not simply a tax upon sales, but it is a tax upon gross incomes. A flat tax of 2 per cent is levied upon the gross income of every business or profession, including the physician, dentist, and lawyer.

In the application of the law, there is one gross injustice which is not mentioned in the splendid articles in THE ROTARIAN. The professional man is required to pay this tax upon his gross income. For obvious reasons, he cannot pass it on to his patient or client. Thus there is taken 2 per cent of everything that comes into his hands without allowing deductions for the expenses of his business. Then, when he spends his money, he finds that everyone else is passing the tax on to the consumer, and the merchant, the tailor, the dry-cleaner, and others, collect 2 per cent out of the professional man on everything he spends. In that manner he is taxed to the tune of 4 per cent, while the merchant and others, after passing the tax on to the consumer, are taxed nothing.

That is the way the so-called "sales tax" works in Mississippi.

LEE D. HALL

Rotary classification: Law

Columbia, Miss.

Mississippi Sales Tax

To the Editors:

For your information—if you may be interested in the Mississippi sales tax idea, which seems to be rapidly spreading—we, perhaps neutral in the argument, beg to submit herewith some observances:

From the purely financial standpoint, our sales tax seems to bring in needed Mississippi money. Receipts for the first ten months have passed all estimates.

Most of our business men are passing the sales tax levy on to purchasers.

The average public seems with tolerant resignation to accept the added burden to the cost of living.

Judging from the face of things, our sales tax represents a "cash" success.

Hence, we find that many erstwhile foes are present sales tax friends; that many of the most rabid opponents of the measure are now listed among its advocates.

All of which but goes to indicate that one test of wisdom lies in one's ability to change one's mind.

Sales tax objectors were grounded in sincerity. The proof of their sincerity lies in the present inclination to revise the former sales tax estimate.

Despite its drawbacks, at the moment, we are inclined to believe that our sales tax may prove a leading factor in our Mississippi's most immediate pressing need of self-salvation.

When our present government assumed the rôle of office, we were faced with millions in past due indebtedness.

Our state administration, sensing our vital need for financial rehabilitation, enacted the sales tax as an emergency ways and means of raising the necessary revenue.

As a result, we have already placed our

*See also, page 2.

financial house in order. We have balanced our budget. Mississippi bonds, a year ago among the least desirable of state paper, have already regained a place in the financial scheme of things.

In common with most emergency money-raising measures, we find the sales-tax method of taxation offers certain disadvantages.

We now have the sales tax "racketeer."

Outside concerns are making special tax-free bargain "drives."

Tobacco and gasoline bootleggers thwart the tax collector.

The man who "knows how" may supply his needs from outside sources.

Again—administration costs must represent a "healthy" item.

Even now, an army of auditors and inquisitors are busily engaged throughout our state in checking up on tax collections. Even "ferrets" must be paid.

Even so, we feel that our Mississippi sales tax levy will remain; that we shall eventually increase our levy on consumers to bring about a decrease in ad valorem, personal and realty tax assessments—

In which eventuality, our Mississippi tax experiment shall no doubt become a blessed blessing in disguise—

A taxation system whereby everybody pays a little every day; everybody shares and shares alike; no one "hurt" and every one receiving his proportionate benefit.

Results can be measured neither in a week nor a year. Eventual good or ill of "painless patent pills" must wait upon the test of time.

In the meantime, Mississippi is disposed to give the plan a fair and honest tryout.

JAMES H. SKEWES

Editor and Publisher, *The Meridian Star*
Meridian, Miss.

A Man's Magazine

To the Editors:

Please, wise Mr. Editor Man,
Don't change THE ROTARIAN!
Of women's magazines there are a score
Attractively rich in feminine lore;
Please leave me one with masculine view,
So I don't always feel I'm "talked down to;"
For I like it, just "as is"—
Even down to the Curious Quiz!

MRS. F. C. GUTHRIE

Anderson, Ind.

"Life's . . . Episodes"

To the Editors:

The Rev. Stanley V. Wilcox, a doughboy who saw much action in the trenches in the World War, had a longing to visit the scenes indelibly stamped upon his mind. And with his wife and children set sail for France and the battle fields.

Stanley, a member of the Chester Rotary Club, upon his return told us of his journey. He told us of a visit to one of the stone houses that had been his headquarters.

A pleasant-faced French woman warmly bid him welcome. From her sacred possessions the woman took a letter written years before by a soldier to his sweetheart in the States and dropped possibly in a hurried exit as shells shrieked overhead. But Stanley was given the letter only with the understanding that he

would do all possible to find the "Dear Anna" whose soldier sweetheart, Al, the Frenchwoman thought, was sleeping beneath the poppies.

Upon arriving in America, Stanley visited the town of Audubon, New Jersey, the only tangible clue in the letter. Inquiry was made in that city of a soldier named Al who had a fiancée by the name of Ann. Stanley was directed to a certain street, and then to another city and still further on until at last he found the "Anna" of the letter.

Stanley handed her the *billet-doux* when he found that Al was not only still living but was "Anna's" husband. Which is just another of life's little episodes that go to prove that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

JOE SLEEPER

Secretary, Rotary Club

Chester, Pa.

First Impressions

To the Editors:

There is one suggestion which I think might be made and it is a suggestion which the Rotarians of a country could very well pass on to their own government.

While many countries are spending a great deal of money on tourist agencies and literature and propaganda of one sort or another, would they not do well to remember that the advance salesmen of their country are their consular, immigration, and customs officials?

Those of us who attended the Vienna convention must have been most favorably impressed at the frontiers of both Germany and Austria by the behavior of the German and Austrian customs and immigration officials.

ERNEST F. HARRIS

President, Shanghai Rotary Club

Manager, Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada
Shanghai, China

For Overseas Programs

To the Editors:

"Bill" Hodges, in a talk on the Sixth Object at an executive conference at Bloomington, bemoaned the fact that the average Rotarian is woefully lacking in intelligent information relative to the problems of our brethren across the seas. He suggested that each club should have programs devoted to promoting understanding of these people. After his talk I asked him where I could get adequate and constructive information on the different nations. He referred me to the encyclopedia.

The encyclopedia gives the bare, dry facts. To make a talk interesting it is necessary to throw upon these dry facts the light of interpretation. I believe that a series of essays made available to the club libraries would be of inestimable value in furthering the Sixth Object. They would then be constantly available to new members.

DUDLEY CAMPBELL

Secretary, Rushville Rotary Club
Rushville, Ind.

Note: To Rotarians desiring human-interest material on other lands, attention is called to THE ROTARIAN. In this issue, for example, are interpretative stories of life in England and Russia. Further readings are suggested on page 64.

—The Editors.

Miss Nina Barsomova (right), recently crowned "movie queen" of Shanghai, China, in a contest sponsored by Shanghai Rotarians, was decorated with leis by Miss Luhani Kiilehua, Hawaii's Lei Queen of 1933, on her arrival in Honolulu enroute to California. This trip was provided by Rotarian R. Stanley Dollar, president of the Dollar Steamship Lines. At Hollywood, Miss Barsomova was the guest of the Los Angeles Rotary Club. She is 21 years old, of Russian parentage, "five-foot-two," has brown eyes and crinkly, wavy hair. The "movie queen" contest was a feature of Shanghai's International Charity Carnival which raised \$33,000 for the Russian school building fund.



Photo: News of Hawaii

Rotary Around the World

—brief news notes gleaned from letters and bulletins to mirror the varied activities of Rotary.

Czechoslovakia

Hosts

PRAGUE—Coöperating with the Rotary Club of Grays Thurrock, England, Prague Rotarians entertained the first group of English boys who are proceeding to Zlin for several years' study at the Bata shoe concern, preparatory to assuming positions in the new factory at East Tilbury, England. Brno Rotarians are planning to give special attention to the young Englishmen during their stay at nearby Zlin.

Chile

Establish Home

PUERTO MONTT—Through the efforts of the Rotary Club of Puerto Montt, adequate lodging and recreational facilities have been provided for homeless, unemployed men.

Brazil

Cheer Patients

SANTOS—The hospital in this city is gay now with the hundreds of potted plants and flowers donated by the Santos Rotary Club.

Egypt

Contribute to Summer Camps

CAIRO—A considerable number of the 3,000 children between the ages of eight and twelve, who are attending Egyptian holiday camps, were sent through funds provided by the Cairo Rotary Club. Cairo Rotarians are also contributing generously to the six soup kitchens situated in vari-

ous parts of this city. Another contribution to community service is a plan for recognition of police who have accomplished unusual work.

Federated Malay States To Continue Studies

KLANG AND COAST—Two students in the local Anglo-Chinese School have each been provided with a scholarship of four dollars a month to enable them to remain in school.

Uruguay

Unsightly Posters Removed

MONTEVIDEO—No longer will Montevideo citizens be offended by ugly posters on every unused building, for the local Rotary club with the aid of municipal authorities has just completed a successful campaign to eradicate this type of advertising, and to prohibit the further use of buildings for this purpose.

Ireland

Intercity Meetings

DUBLIN—Rotarians from Colwyn Bay, Wales, visited the Dublin Rotary Club recently and provided the entire program. Dublin Rotarians returned the visit and provided the speakers for the Colwyn Bay club.

The Netherlands

HENGLO—At the first ladies night meeting held by the Hengelo Rotary Club, wives and daughters of Rotarians took charge of the entire program.

Straits Settlements

Picnic for Homeless Boys

PENANG—Twenty-five "street" boys have been given a picnic by Penang Rotarians.

France

An Invitation

LILLE—Rotarians of this city have been devoting much attention to the successful organization of the Thirteenth Congress of Industrial Chemistry, which is to meet in their city in late September. Rotarian delegates to the conference are cordially welcomed to attend meetings of the Lille Rotary Club.

Argentina

Appreciation

SALTA—Rotarians of Paraguay and Bolivia have both expressed to the Salta Rotary Club their appreciation for the expeditious manner in which correspondence and packages were delivered to prisoners in the two countries by Salta Rotarians.

New Zealand

"Ronaki"

AUCKLAND—Rotarians of Auckland heard with pleasure an announcement at a recent meeting that Mrs. Charles Rhodes and her daughter planned to continue the successful "Ronaki," or evenings at home, which the late Charles Rhodes inaugurated. More than thirty Rotarians attended the first of these bi-weekly gatherings.



In the interests of better housing the model hut (below) was recently constructed by the Madras (India) Sanitary Welfare League and the Madras Rotary Club; left, is the type of hut which it is intended to replace. Though the club has no resources which would enable the construction of a number of these huts, it has co-operated in the erection of the model in an attempt to prove that reasonable and sanitary accommodations can be provided for the poor of which, after payment of a low rental for eighteen years, the occupant will become the actual owner.



England

Work for Boys

SHEFFIELD—More than a thousand boys have found suitable employment through the efforts of the Unemployed Boys Committee of the Sheffield Rotary Club.

HUDDERSFIELD—Unemployed men in Huddersfield recently were given an opportunity for a two weeks' outdoor vacation through funds provided by Huddersfield Rotarians.

Spain

Establish Educational Fund

Rotarians of Madrid, Barcelona, Palma de Mallorca, Alicante, and Cordoba, have each agreed to contribute a peseta annually toward a fund to educate the children of an Alicante Rotarian who died last November.

For Children

MADRID—Children in one of the most crowded parts of Madrid now have a playground and field house which the Madrid Rotary Club established for them in a nearby park.

Peru

Orphans Made Happy

AREQUIPA—Children in an Arequipa orphanage now have the assurance that at least one person in the world has their individual interests at heart. Arequipa Rotarians and their families have each agreed to be responsible for the happiness of at least one child. Visits are paid on Sundays and holidays, and the children are occasionally taken on little family excursions.

Highest Attendance

MOQUEGUA—The attendance trophy for the Seventy-first District has been awarded for the third time to the Moquegua Rotary Club. It is worthy of note that from year to year the average attendance of the Moquegua Club has increased; the average for this past year having been 94.9 per cent. Second place in the district went to Cajamarca with an average of 87.1 per cent.

Yugoslavia

International

LJUBLJANA—Rotarians from Trieste, Italy, were guests of honor at an international-intercity meeting held by the Rotary Club of Ljubljana.

Relief for Needy

SUSAK—As early as 1931, Susak Rotarians had initiated a food dispensary for the unemployed. This year the work has been augmented by contributions from the city, and individuals, so that more than five hundred meals are served daily. In addition to their contributions to the community kitchen, Susak Rotarians during the winter months provide milk and cod liver oil for undernourished children.

Sweden

To Scout Jamboree

The strong representation which Sweden will have at the International Boys Scout Jamboree at Gödöllo, Hungary, this summer, is due largely to the efforts of Swedish Rotarians. Each Rotary club is defraying the expenses to the Jamboree of one scout.

Entertain President

GEFLE—Immediate Past-president Clinton P. Anderson on his trip to Europe in late spring paid a visit to the Rotary Club of Gefle. In a brief history of the activities of the club which

was reviewed at the meeting in his honor, it developed that in the four-and-one-half years in which the club has been in existence, its programs have been admirably divided: 23 per cent having been devoted to club service, 24 per cent to vocational service, 30 per cent to community service, and 23 per cent to international service. There was no particular plan to divide programs so evenly, but it did show, the speaker explained, the unusual interest of the Gefle Rotary Club in every phase of Rotary work.

Mexico

Dental Care for Children

TUXTEPEC—School children in Tuxtepec are receiving skilful dental attention as a result of the work of the community service committee of the small but energetic Rotary club of this city.

Assist Emigrant Destitute

AGUASCALIENTES—A number of unemployed or stranded Mexicans in the United States were enabled to return to their own country through funds provided by Aguascalientes Rotarians.

Fête Ambassador

MEXICO CITY—Members of this club were hosts recently to the newly appointed Ambassador from the United States, the Honorable Josephus Daniels. Special addresses welcoming Mr. Daniels were delivered by prominent Mexican Rotarians.



One of the most interesting programs ever sponsored by Lowell (Mass.) Rotarians was held recently in honor of Allan Wilson (right), horse fancier, "regular fellow," and successful business man of Newton, Mass. He was greeted by Ernest L. Kimball, chairman of the celebration in which a parade depicting carriages and costumes of earlier days and a luncheon in a "racing stable" setting were featured. Mr. Wilson is a recognized authority on horses and has played a leading rôle in the promotion of clean sportsmanship on the race tracks of New England.

India

Aid Students

MADRAS—A scholarship scheme for Hindu and Christian children has been inaugurated by the Rotary Club of Madras. As a start, the education of Christian boys and girls has been guaranteed at Christ Church School, of Hindu youths at the Remakrishna Students' home, while one Hindu girl is being trained as a teacher at a school in Mylapore. The scheme will be extended to include Mohammedan children.

Italy

Give Scholarship

VERONA—One more talented student will have an opportunity to attend the University of Padua this year, on a scholarship provided by the Verona Rotary Club.

Marconi a Rotarian

BOLOGNA—Rotarians of this city are gratified over the fact that S. E. Guglielmo Marconi, scientist and inventor of wireless telegraphy, has just accepted honorary membership in their club.

United States of America

Tonsilectomies

WARE, MASS.—When the local health nurse reported that half a dozen children were in extreme need of tonsil operations, Ware Rotarians provided medical, nursing, and hospital care.

Picnic for the Blind

HARTFORD, CONN.—More than a hundred Rotarians and their families attended the sheepbake given by the Hartford Rotary Club for children from a local institution for the blind.

Fête Overseas Students

LAFAYETTE, IND.—Twelve overseas students on the eve of their graduation from Purdue University were given a farewell dinner by the Lafayette Rotary Club.

Classification Library

WENATCHEE, WASH.—A distinct contribution to vocational guidance is the classification library presented to the local public library by Wenatchee Rotarians. Each member donated an outstanding book covering his classification, and the presentation was made in a special bookcase built by another member of the club.

International Service

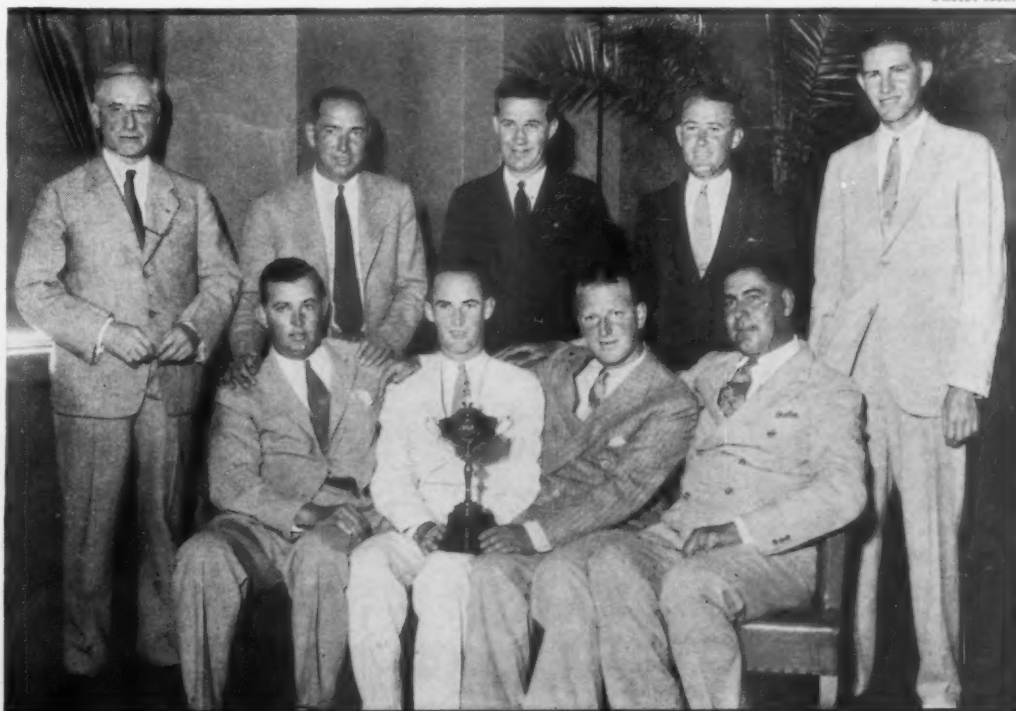
LA MESA, CAL.—La Mesa Rotarians witnessed recently a most effective example of Sixth Object work which may be accomplished in the schools. Forty-two pupils from a social science class in the local grade schools appeared before the club in a little playlet entitled "May Baskets for the World's Front Door." The children, in costumes representing 32 countries, during the progress of the program pointed out the contributions some nations have made to world happiness.

Diplomas of Merit

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Those Somerville high school students who were judged winners in an essay contest on Hungary were guests at a recent program in charge of the International Service Committee of the local Rotary club. Diplomas of merit, provided by the Hungarian government

Photo: Acme

These youthful envoys of sportsdom—the Ryder Cup golf team of the United States—were the guests of honor at a luncheon of the Chicago Rotary Club immediately before their departure to meet the British in Southport, England, there to defend the trophy which was won by the American team two years ago. Left to right, seated: Ed Dudley, Densmore Shute, Craig Wood, and Olin Dutra; standing: A. R. Gates, executive director of the P.G.A.; Leo Diegel; George R. Jacobus, president of the P.G.A.; Paul Runyan, and Horton Smith. The two other team members—Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen—were not present.





were presented to the winners, and at the same meeting a Rotary bronze plaque was awarded to the student having made the best progress during the year in the study of art.

Spectacles for Children

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.—Twenty Steubenville children having defective eyesight were provided with glasses by Steubenville Rotarians. A complete outfit of clothing was also provided for a crippled boy.

Honor Convention Prize Winner

CHELSEA, MASS.—Rotarians of this city are elated over the fact that Thomas Chin, Chinese youth attending the Chelsea high school, was awarded first prize at the Boston convention of Rotary International for his Sixth Object essay. A special luncheon was given by the local club in his honor during which his essay was read.

Alert Music Committee

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Not content with providing a fine series of musical programs for the club, the Music Committee of the Louisville Rotary Club has supplied pianos for more than a dozen schools which were not so equipped. Another fifteen instruments were provided for other community institutions. Last fall a hall was secured and sufficient instruments provided to enable public school teachers to take a free course in teaching piano in classes.

New Building for Zoo

EVANSVILLE, IND.—As a gift to their city, Evansville Rotarians have provided a new home for twenty Rhesus monkeys in the Evansville Zoological Gardens in the form of a thirty-two

foot replica of Columbus' flag ship. The animals will have the run of the deck and rigging, and the ship's cabins will serve as winter quarters. Spectators' galleries have been conveniently located nearby.

Ingenuity

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. C.—Chicken and biscuits at a cost of ten cents for each member is a favorite menu of the Elizabethtown Rotary Club. When members found it necessary to make drastic reductions in the cost of luncheons, plans were made to hold the regular Tuesday meeting at the local Boy Scout cabin. Two Rotarians are appointed each week to prepare the meal, each person supplying his own dishes. So popular have these meetings grown, that for the last four months the attendance has been 100 per cent.

Pan-American

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—A Pan-American reception, in which more than 250 school children participated, featured a recent weekly meeting

Rotary and its relation to problems of the Far East were chief points of discussion at meetings of these Rotarians on board the S. S. Conte Verde en route from Venice to the Far East recently. Present were: Rotarians Carlo Bos (front center), past president of the Shanghai (China) Rotary Club and member International Service Committee of Rotary International during the past year; Hans Fröhlick, Bombay, India; Ernst Raimann, Penang Straits Settlements; and Dr. Yen Tching, past president, Peiping Rotary Club. Mrs. Bos is the lady at left and Miss Bos is at center.

of the Winston-Salem Rotary Club. In a pageant, the children displayed the flag and typical products of the twenty countries represented, thus helping to bring about a better understanding of these countries, in the minds of Rotarians as well as the students.

Get Cash from Card Party

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A card party held recently by the Brooklyn Rotary Club netted more than \$750 for the benefit of the club's crippled children fund.

Women Take Charge

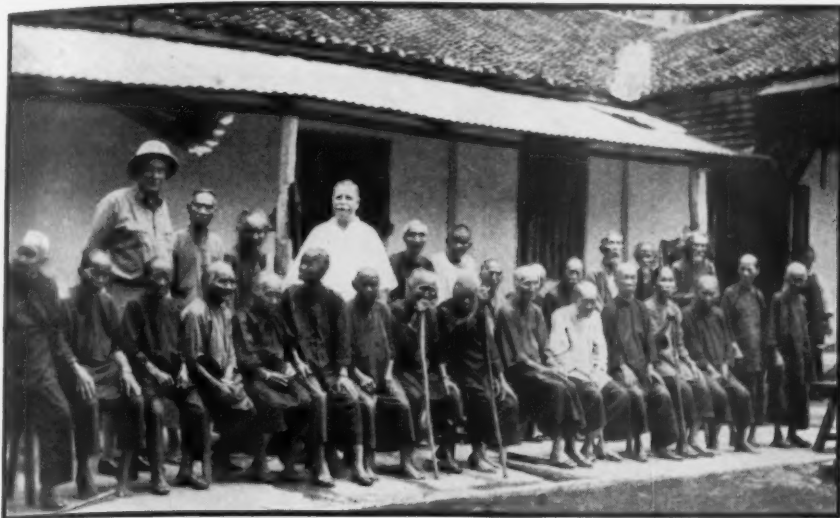
WOODSTOCK, VT.—Woodstock Rotarians approaching their treasurer to pay for their luncheon recently found to their surprise that all their meals had been paid for and their wives and daughters in charge of the meeting. The hostesses had appointed the usual Rotary committee, and so well had they studied Rotary that the meeting proved educational for the members.

Tribute to Paul Harris

WALLINGFORD, VT.—Scores of Rotarians and their wives from all parts of the Thirty-seventh district gathered at this city recently to take part in the unveiling of a testimonial tablet in honor of Paul Harris, founder and president-emeritus of Rotary International, whose boyhood home



Italy was well represented at the Boston Convention. Here they are on board the Italian liner "Rex," left to right: Gen. Luigi Piccione, of Trieste, governor of the 46th district; Miss Spriafico; Mrs. Margot Crump, Stefano A. Crump, and Miss Crump of Milan, and Dr. Giovanni Gorio, president of the Rotary Club of Brescia.



was at Wallingford. The tablet was unveiled in front of this old home, which is now the nucleus of the newly founded Paul Harris School.

For Relief

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—More than 11,000 tickets, most of which were sold, were distributed for the annual Rotary-Optimist baseball game. All the local organizations dealing with underprivileged children participated, and shared pro rata in the gate receipts. Tickets sold to and by Rotarians go for Rotary relief kitchen work.

Intercity Again

MENOMONEE FALLS, WIS.—The fifth anniversary of the Rotary Club of Menomonee Falls was celebrated recently as an intercity meeting. Rotarians from Milwaukee, Port Washington, West Bend, Hartford, Beaver Dam, Waupun, and Kenosha attended.

Souvenir

BELLFLOWER, CALIF.—At the time of installation of new officers of the Bellflower Rotary Club, each of the members was presented with a copy of "The Bellflower Rotarian," a handsomely bound booklet with a brief history of the club, its new officers, and a biographical sketch of each of its members. It has stimulated considerable interest in other club activities.

For Discussion

SEQUIM, WASH.—During the last year, two members of the Sequim Rotary Club have been appointed each month to lead a discussion of leading articles in *THE ROTARIAN*, particularly those dealing with popular questions of the day. Speakers take opposite views and other members then enter in the discussion or are called upon.

Experiencing Relief

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The dining room where unemployed and homeless men are fed twice a day was the scene recently of a regular luncheon

meeting of the Rotary Club of St. Louis. The menu for the day, a typical one, was roast ribs of beef, browned potatoes, head lettuce, rolls and butter, and apple pie. The average cost for serving such a meal to about four thousand people daily was said to be 7.2 cents. It was relished by all the Rotarians, who showed their appreciation by making a freewill offering of \$121.21. The manager and the chef explained the system under which the relief station operates for the benefit of the unemployed and homeless.

Men of Tomorrow

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—Two addresses by pupils of the West Orange high school featured a part of the weekly program of the local Rotary club during Youth Week. "We Are Worthwhile" by Elizabeth Cool threw out a challenge to the members of the club to use their "influence to give youth the moral strength we need, the courage, the faith, the self-control, the self-reliance necessary for great living." In a comple-

About thirty aged Chinese men and women living in Ipoh, Federated Malay states, some of whom are blind, have been saved from hunger and possible starvation because the local Rotary club has given them their support.

mentary talk, Frederick Weihe made a plea for men to give youth "the supreme assistance of your example and of your demand that we live worthy of our inheritance of opportunities. . . . If you will grant our plea, we, the youth of today, the men and women of tomorrow, will indeed be worthwhile, for we shall be worthy of hopes and fears of all the years that are entrusted to our keeping."

A Convention Advantage

MANCHESTER, N. H.—After forty-five years, Rotarian Herbert of Newcastle, Australia, was reunited with his relatives in this city when he came to attend the Boston convention. Some time ago he wrote to Leon N. Huntress, secretary of the Manchester Rotary Club, asking for information about his relatives, whom he had not seen since they were children in their home in England. Though his brother Benjamin has been dead for twenty-five years, his two sisters and their families, who live in this city, made great preparation for the visit with their long lost brother and uncle.

Unique Contests

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—The Clarksburg Rotary Club has conducted a successful question and answer contest based on editorial contents of *THE ROTARIAN*; as a result, its members are more regular and more thorough readers of the magazine. So successful was the plan, which was originated by Secretary Robert R. Wilson, that *THE ROTARIAN* adopted similar contests, beginning with the May issue.



A gear wheel taken from the first elevator installed in the Philippine Islands (1912) has been dedicated to further useful service as a Rotary wheel. It was presented to the Manila Rotary Club by a representative of the Otis Elevator Company in the Philippines.

Medical Costs: Is the Group Plan the Best Remedy?—Yes

[Continued from page 23]

training and experience just how much study is necessary or desirable in a given case; he will use his best judgment about the use of laboratory tests, of X-ray examinations, of electrocardiograms, of a period of observation in a hospital, and of consultations by specialists, for in some cases none of these, in other cases several of them, may be definitely indicated. And in these decisions, he will keep the protection of the patient's purse in mind.

The general practitioner who is a member of a diagnostic group, or who can call such a group to his aid, is in a position to give his patient an adequate diagnostic study when a malady is obscure while at the same time maintaining his own direct personal relationship with the patient during the study and treatment.

A real difficulty in defraying the costs of medical care lies in the fact that the amount of care needed in any given year by any one family is unpredictable; it is therefore difficult to arrange for doctors' bills in a family budget, especially when the total family income is small.

A Committee on the Costs of Medical Care (composed of some fifty members with Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur as chairman and Mr. H. H. Moore as director of studies) completed a five-year series of investigations at the end of last year. It has published some twenty-six monographs reporting the results of the fact-finding investigations and also a final summary volume entitled "Medical Care for the American People."

IN the latter, certain recommendations were made; some of these were agreed to by the whole committee, but with regard to the recommendations pertaining to extension of practice by groups and to plans for group payment of costs, sharp differences of opinion were expressed in a majority report, on the one hand, and in an important minority report, on the other.

Those who signed the majority report thought that, with the right kind of leadership, it might ultimately be possible to organize group medical service about hospitals so as to take care of most of the medical needs of the people, giving them the advantages of modern specialism while at the same time preserving the personal relationship of each patient with some individual practitioner. In order that the doctors should be adequately paid, but without hardship to the patients who pay, the same majority report sug-



"The general practitioner who is a member of a diagnostic group . . . is in a position to give his patient adequate diagnostic study."

gested the distribution of the costs by means of a group purchase plan arranged through voluntary insurance, through taxation, or through both. By such a method of group purchase, the costs of prevention of disease could be provided for as well as the costs of the diagnosis and the treatment of disease that develops.

The minority report opposed both the extension of group practice and the method of group purchase recommended in the majority report, fearing that medicine would become too much mechanized and depersonalized; that the freedom of choice of physicians by patients would be interfered with; that medical practitioners would be less adequately compensated than now, with the result that many able men would be deterred from entering medicine as a career; and that the plans suggested would lead ultimately to compulsory health insurance and to complete "state medicine" with all the ills that they believe to be unavoidable in a "socialization of medicine."

This minority report has received the support of the Lowell Commission on Medical Education, which believes that private practice as developed in this country has fundamental advantages that might be lost if there were general adoption of group practice and group purchase. Still even those who oppose the majority report recognize that there are many evils to be corrected, especially those that are due to excessive competi-

tion, to over-specialization, to the poor distribution of facilities for medical service, and to the rising costs of modern medical care. To overcome these evils they urge coördinated efforts by medical faculties, medical societies, hospitals, and health services.

EVIDENTLY, the medical profession and the public are becoming ever more acutely aware of the deep-seated maladjustments in the organization of the practice of medicine and in the methods of remunerating the medical profession for its work. Through the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care realized the difficulties inherent in the present situation and was divided in its opinion of the best methods of handling them, it has done a very important service by focusing attention upon the problems that call for solution and by exciting widespread discussion of its own suggestions.

For anyone to attempt to predict precisely what changes in methods of medical service and in modes of payment therefore will eventually be made would seem to me to be undertaking a task that is impossible of fulfillment; but it ought to be helpful to have the differing opinions presented and discussed as to their possible advantages and disadvantages. Though it is probably true that the American mind is, at the moment, more receptive of ideas for new economic plans

and for changes in organization than ever before, still we are, in reality, a very conservative people, and we are not likely to be suddenly swept off our feet by the views of extremists in trade, in government, or in medicine. It is far better that we should make steady evolutionary progress rather than abrupt revolutionary change. If group practice or group purchase should prove to be desirable ultimately, we shall, in my opinion, do best to make cautious trials of them (as is now being done in certain communities and among certain income-classes) rather than to attempt any wholesale, widespread adoption of them upon theoretical grounds alone.

I would warn my colleagues in the medical profession, however, against the assumption of an attitude of uncompromising hostility toward any economic planning in medicine or toward fair trials in special circumstances of some of the plans suggested. For total unwillingness on the part of the medical profession to make such efforts might easily

be misunderstood by the public and might react harmfully upon our profession.

It was, apparently, an attitude of unwise intransigency in England that excited public hostility temporarily against the medical profession and led to the adoption of medical plans from the making of which important medical leaders were excluded. Medical men as well as the public really desire what is best for the people, for whatever is really best for the people will in the long run be best also for the physicians who serve them.

OUR medical men will, therefore, do well to profit by the mistakes of their European confrères. If there are to be attempts at extension of group practice and of health insurance in this country, it is very desirable that they should be directed by medical men along the paths that appear to be least objectionable and that the trials that are made shall be carefully controlled and the results critically evaluated.

The medical profession must for its own good as well as for the good of the public keep the confidence of the public. Unless our medical statesmen recognize the ferment that is now actively working and take advantage of the great opportunity that is offered them for coöperative leadership, they may, I fear, later on be confronted by forms of state medicine put through by laymen that would be very objectionable, and which might have to be accepted willy-nilly.

Medical men are, as a rule, but poor "politicians"; they become so absorbed in their efforts to help their suffering fellows that they are prone to neglect matters of organization and of legislation. The American Medical Association has done and is doing much, however, to compensate for this tendency of the individual practitioner. It is to be hoped, therefore, that in their analyses of the present situation the leaders of that great association may show wisdom in the policies that they may decide to favor.

Medical Costs: Is the Group Plan the Best Remedy? — No

[Continued from page 25]

which is in no way connected with war service, especially when such care must be accompanied by tremendous waste due to transportation of veterans between their homes and government hospitals and the multiplication of hospital beds far beyond the country's needs.

The government should curtail its activities in this direction, but on the other hand it is important that the medical care of the indigent should become increasingly a community problem instead of a problem for the medical profession alone. The care of the poor is the greatest burden now upon the profession. We believe that this burden should be assumed by the entire community and that the physician should bear only his share of it like any other citizen. It seems illogical to assume that the community would be willing to spread the costs of caring for people with low or moderate incomes before it is demonstrated that communities would generally take care of those who have no income at all.

Fundamentally, the problem of the provision of medical care is an economic one. The common statement that "only the very rich and the very poor receive good medical care" is far from the truth. Generally speaking, the adequacy of medical care is directly proportionate to the economic status of the family, just as is the adequacy of food and shelter. It is



Photo: Hygeia

"The common statement that 'only the very rich and the very poor receive good medical care' is far from the truth."

highly desirable that society should progress to the point where all are assured of the essentials of life, one of which is adequate care in time of sickness or injury. Until this ideal is attained there will be suffering and hardship.

It seems clear that the solution must be sought in fundamental changes in the distribution of the fruits of industry which will enable the great mass of people to provide themselves constantly with

the necessities of life. If our leaders of industry would address themselves unselfishly to this problem in its broadest aspects, instead of devising paternalistic schemes directed at isolated portions of the problem, hopes of solution would be brighter.

Now, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care appears to have plunged into the middle of the problem with utopian recommendations whose outcome

no one can foresee. They characterize as their "most fundamental specific proposal," the development of great medical centers "with branches and medical stations where needed, in which the medical professions and the public participate in the provision of, and the payment for, all health and medical care, with the professional aspects of the service under the control of professional personnel."

THIS is a very grand conception, but, with its branches and substations, it has the familiar aspects of so-called big business organization. Certainly there is little in the present state of industry or the economic situation of the world to make it seem desirable to extend into the management of the professions those methods which have been in operation in industry and business. "Organization" has been almost a fetish in the business and industrial world, but the medical profession has not been generally attracted to its worship.

It is very difficult for those not engaged in the practice of medicine to understand that the profession of medicine is a *personal service* and that it can adopt the methods of the group or the industrial organization only by sacrificing much that is of value. It would be very late for the medical profession to turn to methods of dealing with patients in the mass at a time when individuality and "case work" is being strongly emphasized in the various fields of social work and education.

It is admitted by all that about 80 per cent of all illnesses are of such a nature that they can be adequately cared for by the individual physician without specialized skill or elaborate apparatus and that the individual is able to pay for such care without hardship.

The proposal now is to set up the elaborate organization and machinery of the medical center or of multiple groups to care for all illnesses, including the 80 per cent who do not need it, and to replace by this system the individual practice of medicine as it is now carried on. It should be understood that there is no argument against the group practice of medicine when groups are formed by physicians and when they maintain the ethical standards required of the individual physician. There is no magic in the name "group" or "clinic" which can render ethical practices which are unethical for individual doctors.

The real point at issue, however, is not the question of group practice under certain limited and suitable conditions but the proposal to make a revolutionary change in our present system by substi-

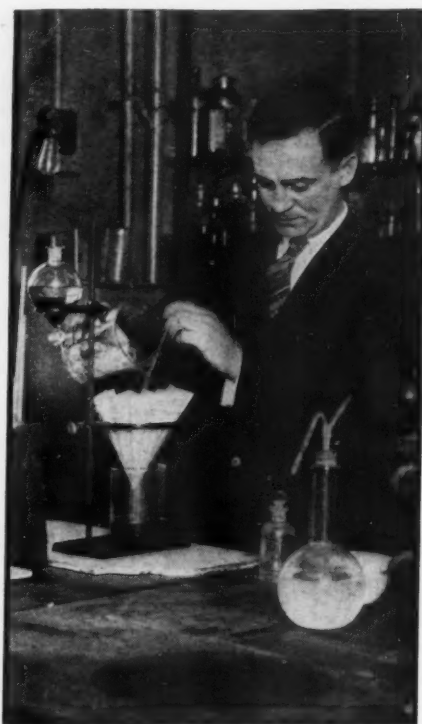


Photo: Ewing Galloway

Eighty per cent of all illnesses require no elaborate apparatus.

tuting the group for the individual practitioner. The arguments advanced in favor of this proposal are that the group can operate at a lower cost than individual physicians and that the quality of service will be improved by the close contact and coöperation of a group.

THE statement that groups can operate at a lower cost than the individual practitioner is based upon statistics which show that the individual expends a larger percentage of his gross receipts for operating expenses than is the case with groups.

There are several considerations, however, which must surely modify any conclusions drawn from these statistics. For instance, there are very few groups which give complete medical service. Most groups take only ambulatory patients, not providing at all for diseases that must be treated in the home; others limit their work to diagnosis, or to treatment of only certain types of diseases; others exclude certain conditions, notably obstetric work. It is always possible to reduce costs by limiting the service.

The groups organized to give complete medical service are still so few in number and of such recent organization that statistics based upon their operation are of little value. The most important point in this connection is that there is no way to prevent the multiplication of groups to a point far beyond the needs

of each community. Every group finds it necessary to have all of the elaborate apparatus necessary for the practice of medicine in all of its branches and to have represented in its personnel every specialty in medicine.

The total cost to the community thus becomes much greater than under the system of individual practice in which the general practitioner refers his difficult problems to one of the comparatively few specially equipped laboratories already in operation.

There is no convincing evidence, statistical or other, which indicates that group practice offers a solution to the problem of the costs of medical care.

THE second assertion, namely, that quality of medical care is improved under the conditions of group practice is obviously incapable of proof by statistical means. It is based upon the supposition that individuals will do better work when they have a salary assured by the group and when they can coöperate and freely consult with each other. There is nothing in experience to show that men do better work under conditions in which financial independence is assured than they do under conditions in which they must by their own individual effort achieve success, nor is it certain that a group of men studying a patient together will better serve the patient's needs than could the individual practitioner who freely seeks advice and help in difficult cases. Eventually the responsibility must come back to some individual physician who must assume responsibility for diagnosis and treatment. The more intimately he knows every aspect of the patient's condition the better off will that patient be.

The strongest objections, however, to the assumption of all medical care by groups and clinics are based upon no theoretical considerations. Evils which have grown up through the practical operation of group-insurance practice furnish the most valid arguments against the general adoption of this system. Group practice as it is understood in the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care is inseparably linked with group insurance.

In fact, the chief advantage of the medical group is the opportunity it affords to make arrangements to care for groups of laymen under some type of insurance. Theoretically such arrangements would appear quite innocent, but practically they have given rise to widespread evils affecting both the medical profession and the public. So far as the

costs of medical care are concerned it should be remembered that group insurance does not decrease them but actually and materially increases them. This results because of the cost of administering the insurance and because of the rather astonishing fact that under insurance systems there is always an increase in days of sickness per capita.

Simons and Sinai in their report on European health insurance make the following statement: "Contrary to all predictions, the most startling fact about the vital statistics of insurance countries is the steady and fairly rapid rate of increase in the number of days the average person is sick annually and the continuously increasing duration of such sickness. Various studies in the United States seem to show that the average recorded sickness per individual is from seven to nine days per year. It is nearly twice that amount among the insured population of Great Britain and Germany, and has practically doubled in both countries since the installation of insurance."

It appears then that there is no definite proof that group practice decreases the costs of medical care and there are only theoretical considerations to indicate any improvement in the quality over that usually found in general practice. In addition, it is plain that group practice operated under insurance methods brings about a considerable increase in days sickness per capita.

The specific evils that have grown up under group-insurance practice are many and varied. Space permits mention of only a few of the most important, in addition to the difficulties of maintaining the personal relation of physician and patient and the limitations of group practice to certain groups of laymen or to certain types of medical care.

FIRST, is the domination of the insurance company when the insurance is carried by a private company, as in the present workmen's compensation acts. Since the insurance companies pay the costs of medical care, they naturally desire to have the work done as cheaply as possible. The tendency, therefore, is to send the patient to the clinic where the cheapest rates prevail. This results in denial to the patient of his right of free choice of physician.

Second, is the tendency of the clinics to enter into competition with each other. To accomplish this, laymen are usually employed to solicit business from the insurance companies with the secondary result of cutting prices to meet competition. The final result is reduction of the quality of work in the clinic by employ-

ing inferior men. All of this then results in the commercialization of medical practice.

The traditions of the medical profession are opposed to solicitation of patients and to other forms of advertising. If medical ethics can be broken down at this point, it will be only a matter of time until medicine will degenerate into a competitive business without professional ideals. When a lay corporation organizes the clinic for profit, these evils are at their worst. The corporation takes from 25 per cent to 45 per cent of the insurance funds before any are used for medical care.

In its final terms the problem is whether the individual physician or the group is to be the unit in the practice of medicine. Anyone familiar with the steps of medical progress through the centuries must recognize the central place which the general practitioner has occupied. Today there is much talk about his "passing." In spite of such talk he remains the center and foundation of the practice of medicine as he has been from the ancient days of Greece where scientific medicine had its birth. The great traditions of medicine gather around him and many of its finest achievements are attributable to him.

Whatever methods are devised for supplying medical care to certain special groups or to certain types of sickness, it remains true that more than 90 per cent

Specialists can never take the place of general practitioners.

Photo: Ewing Galloway



of all medical care must be furnished by the general practitioner in personal contact with his patient. Neither the group, the clinic, or the specialist can ever take his place. He will continue to do in the future, as he has in the past, the great bulk of medical practice which takes him into every household in the land and makes him the adviser and friend in time of need. The medical profession will rise or fall with him, and the public should be the first to appreciate that whatever injures the rank and file of the doctors of the land will inevitably bring injury to the people.

THE medical profession today is not concerned, as many have asserted, in maintaining the *status quo*. It realizes the necessity for constructive planning and for coöperation with all public-spirited citizens in various movements for the constant improvement of the people's health.

In the present complex organization of society and industry, medicine has far-reaching social ramifications which cannot be ignored. The entire problem is one in which the profession must maintain a vital interest. Its attitude must be constructive and coöperative. Negative or obstructive tactics will result in great harm to the profession and in the initiation of many ill-advised schemes under improper, commercial control. At the same time, it is important that the laity support the profession in its efforts to combat the schemes of commercial organizations to exploit both the medical profession and the public under the guise of furnishing cheaper medical care.

At the present time there is maladjustment in the application of medical care to the needs of the people but it is not greater than the maladjustment in many other social-economic phases of society. It is essential if adjustments are to be hastened that there be cordial coöperation of professional and lay groups. No permanent good can come to society by adopting plans which will lower the quality of medical care or the standards of the profession upon which all must depend for that care, even though it be done in the name of the present-day gods—efficiency and organization.

When the problem of the costs of medical care is finally solved it is probable that group practice and insurance will have a part, but a minor and limited part, in the solution. In the meantime these methods should be developed slowly and carefully and with strict regard to fundamental principles of medical practice which have been formulated and are well-known.

That's Fishin'

[Continued from page 21]

I didn't have time to look but I imagine that even the violet ray angleworms in Norwood's bait can must have turned over.

I didn't see either Norwood or Carroll until about 11:30 when Carroll joined me on the stream well down from going in places. Each of us had taken a different part of the Driggs for our rodeo with the trout.

WADING slowly down stream that May morning, with nothing but the musical chatter of the Driggs to keep me company, feeling the current press against my legs, I sort of played hookey from the business at hand. In a sheltered bend of the stream I picked out a log and sat on it for quite a time, smoking a pipeful and taking an inventory on this fishing business. Gosh, it is great to get away from crowded cities and take stock of yourself on a fishing trip. Certainly the fish are but a small part of all fishing. In trout fishing there is an intangible something that gets under your skin. That feeling that you are actually a part of the world in which your trout live, the pressure of the moving water against your body, the ability to reach from the stream and touch a marsh marigold, the fisherman's favorite flower—all these things must constitute a big part of the stream fisherman's enjoyment.

And it's pretty much the same in pike fishing—lean back in the boat at sun-down and drift with the breeze with a lure coming along behind you. And who can think about selling problems when a flashing acrobatic bass is leaping above the water. And when the Jack Dempsey of all fish—the mauling, hard hitting muskalunge—starts things, what a chance has anybody to worry about whether banks stay open or closed?

A happy-go-lucky song sparrow, undismayed by the cool wind that swept over our trout stream, was singing merrily when I had finished my pipe and my take-it-easy period and started fishing again. After carefully presenting my lures to the trout in every riffle and every deep hole, I finally met Carroll. His luck, like mine, had been just fair. The trout were striking. But they weren't eating up the lures as they should. Carroll had nine nice ones. Dandy average trout. I had eight. But I certainly had to work for them.

We waded down stream together for a little while feeling our way through deep holes, commenting on several otter

slides along the bank of the stream, and noting the well travelled deer trails.

"I wish I knew what that electrical wizard, Norwood, was doing," said Carroll, laughing as he worked a deep hole at the foot of a clump of alders.

The water was deep there, almost to

Fishin' Fever

TROUT are jumpin' in the stream,
The riffle's runnin' white—
There's music down between the rocks
Where the beauties bite!
Got to take my rod an' reel
An' a brace of flies,
Tryin' out my luck again
Where the whirlpools rise!

Whippin' upstream, wadin' down,
It's all the same to me
Just so I can have the feel
O' boots against my knee.
Arrow shadows dartin' close—
Silver slippin' by—
Nibbles playin' on the hook
An' me a-standin' by.

Pullin' on my briar pipe
Dreamin' as I go—
Squintin' down the sparklin' stream—
Greatest sport I know!
Give me reel an' rod an' creel
An' a cabin door,
Wood smoke curlin', meetin' me,
Who could ask for more?

—CRISTEL HASTINGS.

the top of his waders, and I told him to watch his step. I saw him brace his long legs, lift his spinner and fly from the water and drop it on a short line close to the alders where the current evidently had gouged out an ideal hangout for a bashful trout.

Then the line pulled down. Carroll grunted, and then he set the hook. I let out a little cheer because the way Carroll gave line for a second or two made it appear as if he had hooked a good one. That fish had plenty of fast water to help him so Carroll had to take it easy. After a little maneuvering, however, he reached over his shoulder for his

net, scooped it into the Driggs and brought up a beauty. It measured over fifteen inches, a mighty nice trout in any man's stream.

"Ah. Magnificent. Bravo!" called a voice from the top of the twenty-five foot bank which overlooked the Driggs. Carroll and I jerked our heads up in surprise. "Too bad, though, Mr. Izaak Walton, you haven't any of my 400-watt sparklers. With them you might really catch some fish instead of a minnow like that. Too bad."

Carroll and I raised our voices in a long howl which had all the earmarks of a Bronx cheer. There was Bard as cocky as ever about his electrically dug worms. Well, we would see about that. But we both noted the smug confident look on his face. And then the battle was on.

"How'd you do, Norwood?" queried Carroll after the sparring stopped for a moment. Carroll's voice was solicitous and carried a "I'm sorry for you, boy" note in it.

"Oh, not so bad," replied Norwood, not caring to make any statements for publication. "Why don't you come up and we'll sort of check 'em in, creel against creel."

SO CARROLL and I waded out of the stream and climbed the bank to check Norwood's catch. After a lot of loud talk and kidding, the guide got the two of them to empty their creels, to decide the Driggs river sweepstakes, with sparklers against the field. Bard had a trout that measured a fraction over sixteen inches. Carroll couldn't beat it.

"It required a great deal of restraint on my part," Norwood crowed, as he pocketed his winnings, "not to overdo this thing and make you really look bad."

Carroll spluttered and made peculiar sounds.

"This little fellow," continued Bard, holding up his biggest and prize winning trout, "all but swallowed my line when he struck. So I spent most of the morning going through the bait can trying to pick out only the smaller, weary worms with just a few watts in them. Honestly I don't know what would have happened if I had put some of the super-charged, high-power ones on my hook. But I didn't want to embarrass you fellows. Well, when do we eat?"

As you might expect, Carroll and I never did hear the end of Norwood's talk about his electric worms. How that

boy did enjoy his little joke! But a few months later when the three of us went bass fishing the tide turned.

We went north to one of those little hidden bass lakes which is nestled among tall plumed pines and towering hemlocks. Long shadows reach across this lake late in the afternoon, and there in the cool shade we shot our lures among the snags and weed beds along the bank. The three of us with a guide had this retreat all to ourselves—a secluded, virgin forest camp reached only by canoe over "flowing roads."

Here, one afternoon, everything went Carroll's way to even the score on the electrically dug worms. It was one of those days when every cast of Carroll's was just right. The fish couldn't resist his lures. He caught those bronzebacks as if he knew every one by its front name. Hooked them, played them, and turned them back to up an imposing score against Bard.

And how Bard had to take it!

"So you're the guy who shoots electricity into worms. You would—for trout fishing, too. But when it comes to a he-man fish, one taking real skill to catch, you really find your place. You can't connect, can you? Back to the garden, Bard, with your electric toys."

I snickered, of course. Norwood had to laugh, too, although there was neither rime nor reason in the way Lady Luck had deserted him that afternoon in bass fishing.

Norwood's canoe drifted alongside of ours. I stretched out full length in the canoe my lungs full of the fragrance of the balsams, thoroughly at peace with the world, and also thoroughly enjoying this good-natured scrap.

Carroll rose to new heights of daring.

"Look here fellow. Let the old maestro give you a few lessons in bass fishing. Now when they are a bit shy about striking your lure you sort of tease them into striking. Now look at this one. Look!"

With that he tossed his pork rind lure toward an old snag. But—instead of placing the lure in an opening among the roots of the old cedar it went over one of them and was suspended about four inches above the surface of the water.

Carroll's face fell but Norwood whooped with unrestrained glee.

"The old maestro, eh. Well, you'd better get a cane pole and go back to the casting kindergarten and learn a little accuracy first."

Laughing at this by-play, I had my eyes on the swaying lure. The white gleaming slice of pork rind was swinging back and forth not more than a half inch from the surface. Suddenly, out of the water shot the open jaws of a bass. I was so surprised that I almost tipped over the canoe as I yelled and rose to a sitting position.

UNABLE to resist that tempting white and metal thing just above the water, a scrappy bass swept up in a magnificent charge to grab what looked to him like something to eat. Carroll, taken off his guard, tried to set the hook. But he couldn't tighten the line very well as it was looped over the snag.

For a few split seconds there was a mad threshing on the surface as the fish seized the pork rind, hung on, and then dropped back into the water. Then Carroll recovered from his astonishment. The moment was too good to lose. Although still nonplussed by this tree-climbing bass, he turned quickly to say to Bard:

"Well, there you are brother. I told you I could teach you how to tease 'em into striking. And I don't use electricity either. And now boys the next lesson in bass fishing will be conducted by the old maestro tomorrow afternoon at this same time, Meantime, Station B A S S is signing off."

For once in his life, Norwood didn't have a snappy comeback.

According to the present schedule, the next arena to be used by Bard, the electrical wizard, and Carroll, the old maestro, will be in muskie land. Bard says his manufacturing business is terrible and he shouldn't leave, and he ought to go to New York, and he is supposed to take his family west. Carroll is in New York for two months on a deal, and his wife wants him to go to Europe, and he really ought not to spend money on a northwoods trip! You know how it goes!

But that's just unadulterated prune juice. I know that. Any fisherman knows it, too. Both will be fishing in September in the north. Because once the old disease "angloitis" gets in the blood, you're done for.

That may not be the Queen's English, but any fisherman gets the idea, I am sure. If you want it from the Grand Old Maestro of them all, open *The Compleat Angler*. We modern anglers are a bit brusque, perhaps, but to Izaak Walton we pay reverent tribute, for he knew fishing as "an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man."

Who has ever, who can ever, improve on these words or their sentiment?

*O! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this,
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.*

The ventriloquist listens to his friend, fresh from an outing, tell a fish story.



Pages From a Russian Notebook

[Continued from page 18]

everything else. We have electrified this backward country of ours. Dnieprostroy is only one of our projects—have you seen it? We have built railroads. Have you heard of Turksib? Before the Revolution our people had nothing; now they have more than they ever expected to have. Our peasants never wore shoes, now they will wear nothing else. We used to make fifty million pairs a year; we now make a hundred million pairs and it's not enough.

"WHERE," he asked, "would a common sailor like me get a chance to go to college in your country? Here I and fellows like me get a chance, and when I finish I'll help build ships. We are now turning out two hundred thousand engineers a year and it's not enough. Oh, we know we are not yet good engineers. But we'll remedy that. We are only the advance guard. Later we'll tighten up and turn out better engineers—as good as yours—and we'll reeducate the first ones, the fellows like myself. In your country there's too much built and too many workers; we are just beginning to build and we haven't enough workers. We must build fast, exhaust ourselves, work all sorts of hours, make painful mistakes, but in another five years we'll show you what common workers and peasants can do. We are now planning to unite the Volga, the Don, and the Caspian Sea. We shall soon be first in the production of oil. We shall have bread too, even for export, after we get a little time to teach these dumb peasants that the old kulak psychology of everyone for himself is dead and that only by collective effort



Photo: De Cou, from Ewing Galloway

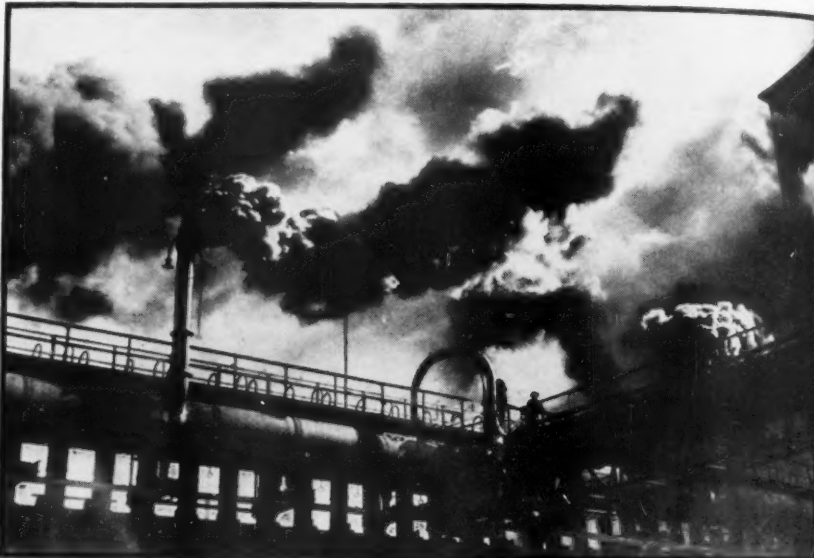


Photo: International News

The quietness of this haying scene near Leningrad presents a striking contrast to the steady throb of the great factories near Moscow.

can the soil be made to produce abundance for all.

"Come back again a little later and you'll be surprised. We know where we are going. We are going to show the

world what a socialist society can do for the toiling masses. I'd rather live now though and help build this society than later when it will have been built already."

A List of Friends - - By Douglas Malloch

*I made a list of friends,
Of friends to hold.*

*One stole my happiness,
And one my gold,*

*One went away, nor came
To say goodbye,*

*One told a secret, and
One told a lie.*

*I made a list of friends
My friends to be.*

*One grew too famous to
Remember me,*

*And, when I faltered and
Must pay the price,*

*One gave me censure, and
One gave advice.*

*But someone came and put
His arms around,*

*Yes, in my hour of grief
A friend I found,*

*One gave me strength when I
Began to fall,*

*A friend who was not on
My list at all.*

Along English Lanes

[Continued from page 12]

were busily turning and Henrietta devoted several hours to watching cotton from America on its long journey from bale to cloth.

We spent that evening at Loughborough and Nottingham, being house-guests of Herbert Schofield, an incoming director of Rotary International, at his home, "Hilley." The glory of an American home may be an expensive limousine at the door or gold-plated fixtures in the bathrooms, but the glory of an Englishman's home is his garden. Wherever we went we found gardens, and while Dr. Schofield, for example, takes pride in showing you his collection of china, and his pair of great silver candlesticks which are worthy of any museum, not to mention a trio of extremely wise cats, his whole being seems to change as he strolls with you through his garden.

Automobiles may mirror a man's pocketbook, but a garden mirrors his soul. Within every true Englishman is a love of the countryside. His nostrils are attuned at birth to the odor of roses in bloom, and he never finds true pleasure in living other than in a spot where he can have a bit of country. Herbert is no exception.

The strain of constant travelling and speaking made itself felt while I was at Loughborough, and I had but slight opportunity to visit the unusual college which Dr. Schofield has built from scratch. I did, however, walk through its

work rooms, foundry, machine shops, and power plant. In the new dormitory I marveled at the modern electrical devices by which electricity is converted into heat, light, and power. The building itself is a thing of beauty. The windows are of stained glass depicting the history and the coats of arms of the old families of Leicestershire. Designs for these windows, incidentally, were prepared under the able direction of Miss Judy Gal-loway, daughter of the outgoing president of RIBI.

THE ride from Loughborough to Walsall, where we were to be house-guests of John Crabtree, the new president of RIBI, was a delight. The route passes through the famous Ivanhoe country which, ever since Sir Walter Scott wrote his historical novels, has been the common property of the world.

I had been left a little dizzy on many occasions by the speed with which an automobile was driven on narrow lanes, and it was almost with a feeling of satisfaction that I called Dr. Schofield's attention to a British-made truck lying on its back in the pavement and a damaged Ford touring car about fifty yards on down the road. Of course, I felt a reasonable wave of national pride in reflecting that the Ford was still upright and somewhat serviceable.

Touring at high speed in England is no relaxation to an American who de-

lights in driving his own motor car. We were on the wrong side of the road all of the time. The only thing that permitted us to avoid most serious complications was that providentially the other drivers approaching us also stayed on the wrong side of the road. I shuddered every time we approached a motor car—and I never reached the point where I rode in comfort, no matter how luxurious the automobile nor careful the driver.

I remarked about this to John Crabtree as he was hurrying me to the meeting at Wolverhampton. I have settled many claims arising out of automobile accidents and I know the first point to be determined always is, "Who had the right-of-way?" We would come sweeping up to an intersection. Who should cross first? There seemed to be no rule. One time John would take it. The next time, under what appeared to be identical circumstances, it was the other car. My curiosity finally got the upper hand and I asked him about it. John's answer summed up the whole situation—"We carry compulsory insurance." Apparently each driver uses his best judgment, but when two come to the same conclusion at the same time—well, the result is liable to figure in the newspapers.

England does appear to be behind America in the matter of highway legislation, yet at the most unexpected moment you see the uniforms of the scouts of the Automobile Association or the

"England's history is written along its lanes. . . One rolls swiftly past the crumbling walls of Kenilworth Castle, where memories of Sir Walter Scott's romance flood the mind . . ."



Royal Automobile Club. They signal you on or hold you back. Their authority is never questioned even though they have no legal standing.

But, if the United States has the best of it in the matter of written law, England has all the best of it in the matter of the unwritten law. Time after time I marveled at the courtesy shown by drivers of cars immediately ahead. They would warn us to hold back when they could see something in the road not visible to us. They would urge us on when the road cleared. The drivers of large trucks were especially decent in permitting us to pass and in giving us information as to the traffic conditions ahead. I had to conclude that a nation which does not need a written constitution probably does not need a written code of etiquette for the conduct of its automobile traffic.

THE Crabtree home, "Endwood," reveals another characteristic of a fine English home. We Americans love to show off our residences and we build them on imposing spots with not too much shrubbery between the house and the driveway. Not so the Englishman. He prefers to hide his home away where no casual passerby may see it or where its beauty may be revealed in a more intimate sort of way to his more intimate friends. Driving along a very charming route to Walsall, I had no intimation that we were close to the Crabtree home until the chauffeur swung up a pathway, around a corner, and into the drive-way back of a lovely residence.

To see England at its best one has only to drive from a spot like Walsall to Stratford-on-Avon on a May morning as we did with the Crabtrees. The horse chestnut trees were in full bloom and the may trees were trying their best to demonstrate how a may tree should look at the height of its beauty. Many of the English lanes frequently pass through industrial sections, yet on this ride we seemed to be perpetually in the country.

England's history is written along its lanes, a chapter in every winding bypath. One rolls swiftly past the crumbling walls of Kenilworth castle, where memories of Sir Walter Scott's romance flood the mind, on to where a sweeping vista reveals the towers of Warwick castle peeping over a mass of ancient trees. Warwick, though it like Kenilworth dates back to the days when Knighthood was in flower, is perfectly preserved, apparently indifferent to the centuries.

At Stratford we were met by Sir Charles and Lady Mander and Mr. and Mrs. Blair-Fish. They, with Canon Elliott and Dr. Schofield, completed the party.

After lunch with the Stratford club and a visit to the birthplace of Shakespeare and cottage of Anne Hathaway, we went to the new Shakespeare Memorial Theater—but that is a story to be written for *THE ROTARIAN* on a rainy day.

Strangely, the rainy day did not come during our trip through England. Aside from a wisp of fog at Scarborough, we enjoyed uninterrupted sunshine, particularly during our stop at Kilsall Hall, the home of Sir Charles and Lady Mander. I had seen a picture of Sir Charles in his scarlet coat and insisted upon having an opportunity to visit the fox hound kennels. I reflected that a group of businessmen might work hard for many months and as one of the by-products of their labor maintain a coöperative kennel, but as I stood in the center of a group of young puppies, scratching ears and stroking heads, I felt that the kennel master had all the best of the bargain. I am afraid that if I were a little boy again and someone asked me what I wanted to grow up into, I would pick as a vocation the custodianship of kennels with a few hundred fine fox hounds.

After the visit with the Manders, we motored to Broadway, the delight of the Yankee tourist. It is a tiny English village but rarely does an American visitor, his risibilities tickled by memories of New York's great white way, fail to send home a postcard carrying the invariable message: "Here we are on Broadway and you could never recognize the street."

That evening I was at Bristol. From here the Cabots sailed on their voyage of discovery to the New World, and from here the Great Western began the first steamship trip across the Atlantic. Of its cargo, two-thirds was coal to be used on the journey and one-third consisted of goods consigned to America. Undoubtedly, that voyage was not extremely profitable, but it opened the trail to a great industry which has helped to keep England mistress of the seas.

Our trip was coming to an end. There remained only Brighton, London, and Canterbury. The beach at Brighton is a British "Coney Island" but back of it lies the very proper residential city in keeping with English character.

An inter-club meeting of the London district was an astonishing performance. District Chairman Frank Burnham called the roll of clubs and there was nothing dignified about the responses. Good-natured banter and practical joking prevailed as the delegations announced their presence. It sounded like an intercity meeting on the plains of Texas and many times I had to wonder if behind the starched bosoms of the full evening dress

of the men and the very beautiful evening frocks of the ladies there were really 400 reputedly staid Londoners or if by any mistake a crowd of Americans had thronged the hall. The development of many clubs within this great metropolitan area surely has produced a spirit of fellowship at which the rest of the world may look with envy.

Who could do justice to Canterbury and its cathedral in a paragraph or a page? I joined the never-ending stream of pilgrims too, but (shades of Chaucer!) in the comfort of a motor car.

To the American who desires short cuts in education, I suggest for a knowledge of architecture he go to Canterbury cathedral. Here in a few minutes' walk around the walls and through the great rooms, he will pass a panorama of splendid examples of architectural development from the Roman to the *moderne*.

Leaving Canterbury we stopped for an hour to take tea with Wilfrid Andrews, a 1932-33 director of Rotary International, at his country place in Sittingbourne. Then back into the stream of traffic to London for a last rapid packing of trunks and suitcases, and on to the boat train for Harwich and the steamer. Edwin Robinson, vice-president of RIBI, was on the same boat starting for the Sixty-Sixth District conference in Czechoslovakia, accompanied by his wife and their daughter Joyce. I had time only for a brief word of greeting before we sought our berths for the overnight journey to Holland.

FROM my porthole I stole a farewell glance into the soft haze of a half-moonlight night to the disappearing contour of the English shore. I had been two weeks on the "smug little, tight little island" and during that time I had visited a national conference, given talks at nine Rotary inter-club meetings, and enjoyed many hours of visiting with friends.

There was no disguising the fact that I was thoroughly worn out. It seemed to me that I would not have strength enough to go on with the rest of the journey. Already I had had to cancel visits to Smethwick and Cheltenham and many times before I reached the boat I had been harrassed by the fear that I would have to pay too dearly for the privilege of seeing Rotary in action in the British Isles.

Yet, as I write these lines in the sunshine of a Norwegian afternoon, the myriad beauties of England and the graciousness of its people flood my memory and I can say of my experience what a week ago at Stratford I heard Portia say of Bassanio, "I bought you dearly! I will love you dear."



Here Is *Your* Opportunity

—to win one of 4 cash prizes

\$200

1st Prize

\$100

2nd Prize

\$50

Each—3rd
and 4th Prize

Vacation time is here! It is the time for taking photographs —favorite scenes, unusual events, human-interest camera studies. Select your best ones and enter them in *The Rotarian's* world-wide vacation photographs competition.

One of your photographs may win one of the four cash prizes. *You* have an equal opportunity with everyone else. Every photograph will be judged on its own merits.

The names of the contestants will not be known to the judges until after their decisions have been made. Send in your entries *now*.

The closing time has been extended—

Here is good news. Owing to many suggestions the duration of the contest has been extended for one month—to September 15th for American readers and to October 5th for those living outside the United States.

The Rules are simple—

1. You may submit any number of photographs desired.
2. Descriptive titles should accompany each picture, but judging will be on the merits of photographs alone. Nothing else counts.
3. Give name of the camera or kodak used.
4. If you desire your entries returned, enclose sufficient postage.

CONTEST EDITOR, *The Rotarian*, 211 Wacker Drive, Chicago.

And Here Are the Prize Winners!

JUST three months ago, this magazine inaugurated monthly contests for Rotarians and members of their families. Prizes were offered to those best answering questions—questions that piqued the curiosity and could be answered only after a cover-to-cover reading of *THE ROTARIAN*.

The response was immediate. Answers poured in even from far-off corners of the globe—from Australia and New Zealand, from Central Europe, from England and Canada, and from every one of the United States of America. And what ingenuity! Some entries were painstaking reproductions of *THE ROTARIAN*. Others were telegrams, hurried penciled notes, dictated letters from busy business and professional men, dainty booklets prepared by proud daughters of Rotarians, scrawled but earnest screeds from their sons.

The May prizes were fifteen portable Belmont radios—and more than 1,100 entries were received. The judges were astounded at the elaborate detail of many of the entries. They set to work conscientiously to select the best answers. But before giving the winners, it is interesting to note that about 29 per cent of the re-

plies were from women readers, almost 9 per cent from children, and 62 per cent from men.

Exactly 51 per cent came from towns under 10,000 population; 31 per cent from cities between ten and fifty thousand, and 18 per cent from those over fifty thousand. Perhaps it should also be noted that, on the basis of these returns, California is the most contest-minded state in the United States, with Pennsylvania and Illinois following in that order.

And now for the winners of the May contest. They are:

L. W. Abel, Guttenberg, Iowa
E. J. Butterfield, Dallas Center, Iowa
Ralph Cantlon, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada
John B. Clark, Williamstown, Mass.
Mrs. A. B. Dickinson, Canberra, Australia
Thomas E. Eastland, Seattle, Wash.
John Bert Graham, Waxahachie, Tex.
Mrs. J. A. Groves, Asheville, N. C.
Mrs. Ralph Hill, Louisville, Ky.
J. Wesley Hoffmann, Sioux City, Ia.
Mildred Kingsbury, Herington, Kans.
Clogene Laymance, Durant, Okla.
Mrs. Ella J. Schlag, Newton, Kans.
Robert T. Seymour, Delavan, Wis.
Mabel Brown Sherard, Decatur, Ala.

The June prizes were ten five-piece sets of Club Aluminum Hammercraft—that ordinarily retail at about fifty dollars. No wonder the ladies were interested. Seventy-two per cent of the replies came from women; 24 per cent from men, and 4 per cent from children.

And here are the winners of the aluminum sets:

Jane Oren Campbell, Rock Island, Ill.
Mrs. F. C. Guthrie, Anderson, Ind.
Hugh M. Hart, New Wilmington, Pa.
Mrs. David S. Matthews, Stockton, Calif.
Mrs. J. W. Parker, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Charles Phillips, Greensboro, N. C.
E. N. Pleasants, Hinton, W. Va.
L. V. Texel, Minot, N. D.
Mrs. J. B. Wallace, Saline, Mich.
Mrs. C. L. Weatherwax, Hillsdale, Mich.

All prizes will be shipped soon about this issue of *THE ROTARIAN* is in the mail.

The results of the July contest, in which fifty Micarta trays were offered as prizes, will be announced in the September issue.

Will there be more of these contests? Very probably. If you are interested, watch for the September *ROTARIAN*.

A Matter of Figures

[Continued from page 33]

Perhaps it was by chance—perhaps it wasn't—that during a luncheon of the Sydney Rotary Club, Rotarian Burley found himself next to Rotarian H. G. Chapman, distinguished anthropologist of the University of Sydney. They talked of his problem. The scientist was immediately interested and shortly thereafter conferred with a colleague at the university, Dr. S. A. Smith, anatomist. Perhaps, they suggested to Mr. Burley, the corset industry has gotten into a rut. More to the point, perhaps the three standard types of figures—slender, average, and stout—are not correct. And why not, they proposed, a survey to find out?

The Burley organization approved and soon its entire staff and twenty-five special assistants went to work on what was to become one of the largest anthropometrical research projects ever undertaken. They made twenty-two measurements on 6,000 Australian women.

When the welter of information was in, tabulated, and analyzed, a remarkable fact came to light. Instead of Anglo-Saxon women falling into three standard-

ized figure-types, there were five: big hip, sway back, large abdomen, average, and short below the waist. There was no "average" figure in the old sense. And whether a woman was stout or thin made no difference whatever so far as the type of garment she needed was concerned.

The two scientists were gratified at the data revealed by the survey. The Berlei organization paid the bill, some £7,000—and then retired in a huddle to see what the discovery meant in terms of business.

Suppose the old types—slender, average, stout—were displaced by the five new types; what then? If saleswomen couldn't satisfactorily fit customers with the old style garment, wouldn't they succeed less with the new? Would the dealer have to keep larger stocks—with increased loss from throw-outs when the tide of fashion turned? Would all of this necessitate a higher retail price and hence reduce patronage? And, finally, would the change drive Berlei distributors into the arms of competitors whose product was less complicated, perhaps cheaper?

These, as every business man will understand, were vital questions for the Berlei business. For an answer to them the findings of the survey were studied more closely. Two more surprising discoveries lifted their heads, to wit:

First, while women could be classified in five types, there were but a few sizes in each type. In merchandising terms this meant that whereas a dealer had been required to keep a full stock of garments from size 22 to 42 in each of the three old types, he would now have to carry but a few sizes in each of the five new classifications. It would actually make possible a smaller stock for the retailer. And whereas he formerly turned it three to four times a year, on the average, he could now turn it six times. Here was something!

Nor was that all. The second discovery was that a relatively simple slide-rule device—to be named "type indicator"—could be made which would reinforce the weak link in the fitting system. With it on the wall, a saleswoman could quickly become as adept as a corsetiere. She need

but make three measurements—hips, bust, waist—shift the celluloid rule, and lo! the customer's type of garment was indicated. It then was a simple matter to select the proper size.

These two discoveries briefly tell the tale of this company that, despite the depression, has steadily improved its earnings for the past five years. For the superficial inquirer, they answer the question: "How do they do it?" But for the real answer, one must remember why Frederick Burley experimented in a field glossed over by tradition and routine practice.

EMERSON, American philosopher and essayist, once observed that if a man in a wilderness but produce a better mousetrap, the world would beat a path to his doorstep. The crux of the so-called "mousetrap" theory, as Emerson unerringly saw, was that the new product serve society better than any had before, although the world may have been satisfied with the old and unaware it could be improved upon.

That is the principle of any legitimate business success. One man may stumble on to it in a search for profits; another may learn it through an intelligent reaction to a consciousness of obligation to his vocation and society, the channel and the source of his livelihood. The latter seems to have been the Berlei way.

"We endeavored," explains Mr. Burley, "not only to meet the economic demand but, what seems to us more important, the underlying need. It is our belief that as business men understand the true human needs for their products or services—and it makes no difference whether we are doctors, manufacturers or grocers—and adapt our commodity to them, the more we profit. If we are alert, we will

make use of science and other means our day provides to get a clearly focussed picture as to what those needs are. There is no secret about that as hundreds of successful businesses prove. Our organization has made a start. We are constantly working with medical men and others in devising garments which will not only prevent but correct unhygienic conditions

"But for the real answer, one must remember why Frederick Burley experimented in a field glossed over by tradition . . ."



that often follow operations, childbirth, and ill health. The needs we seek to serve are beauty of figure, comfort, health."

THAT the Berlei organization is consistent in its desire to discharge its social responsibility is further evidenced by its treatment of the segment of society that has become its employees. From the outset, Mr. Burley, recalling his own experiences as an employee, was determined that just as his interest in the business was more than profits, so his employees must have a broader interest in their work than their wages. In 1915 he inaugurated profit-sharing certificates for them. These bear the same dividends as stock, but are not transferable and carry no voting privileges. This boon, coupled with the fact that Berlei wages are higher than the average and that all workers participate in state unemployment insurance, makes its understandable why they are industrious, loyal, and loath to quit.

"You can hire a man's hands—but not his heart; that you can win only by fair dealing," is a favorite Burley saying. "Win a man's heart and you have the whole man," he will add. "That's the idea we endeavor to put into effect everywhere in our organization. And the interesting part of it all is that as we succeed in doing this, our own capacity for service—and satisfaction—expands along with it."

Call this rank idealism? There are those who say it is simply good business. And there's a rather substantial factory in Sydney, another in Auckland, New Zealand, and still another in London—employing, in all, a thousand people—and a record of receipts that have almost doubled in the past five years, to prove that those who believe it is good business are thinking clearly.

Restoration

[Continued from page 30]

money and the bank foreclosed, he thought his father would go crazy. He wanted to leave the country at once. The farm was no place for him, anyway. He had wasted a life there.

That wasn't the mother's idea, but they went to a city, a small city nearby. Nute dropped into silence. For a moment I busied myself about the desk. I did not want him to feel that he must tell me anything, till he was ready. I saw tears in his eyes. He turned his face away.

At that moment my sympathies urged me to wait. There would come another day when Oleson could finish his story.

He had pressing physical needs, soap, water, clothes, rest, food—nourishing food. He needed a bit of companionship too, a chance to expand. Where should he go for all that? We did not maintain any home or institution for boys. But there were places and places available.

In spite of all the dark things you and I know about New York, it has generous men, generous agencies, and many an open gate for homeless boys. And in New York, a needy boy is a needy boy whether he comes from Yonkers, Buffalo, or Jacksonville. He isn't told to move along. He isn't cursed and threatened

with jail. He isn't escorted to the edge of the city under guard and told to disappear.

Perhaps I should not say these things, but I am passing along to you who may be interested in boys, at whose very gate a homeless boy at this moment may be knocking, what many a boy has told us, and which we have come to believe must be true about many places in this country, a land that boasts of equal opportunities for all. Well, at the moment, Father Knickerbocker cannot be included in the charge. And where should this Oleson go?

I found myself studying that eager face

again. Then were my eyes opened, or so it seemed. Oleson could not stay in New York permanently. It was no place for him, in spite of its generosity. The thought of his remaining there suddenly became abhorrent to me. At the moment I could not explain it to myself. I only knew he must not stay. Nor could I think of him then as a part of the young crowd going out to plant new forests. I wanted him to go home.

SENTIMENTAL perhaps. Other boys had stayed in New York—scores of them. They had stayed because of us, in spite of us—just stayed anyhow, and only the Look of judgment will be able to account for them. We had found work, schools, modes of shelter and protection for many, for boys with less personality than Oleson had; with no personality, in fact. That was just it. It wasn't lack of personality in Oleson. It was an abundance of personality, a freshness, a charm, an innocence plus habits of life that unfitted him for a city that held too many pitfalls for a boy of this sort. What could the son of a dirt farmer do, what could we do with the son of a dirt farmer in overcrowded Manhattan where the very sons of provincial New Yorkers could not find work in that winter of '32?

He was talking again. Perhaps he had caught my change of mood. The words flowed, as words will, when there is governed emotion to give them steadiness and coherence. He was speaking of that city experience. His father's pride had not allowed them to ask for help, even when things were bad, awfully bad, he said. His father had found a little work, occasional jobs but—he knew what it was doing to his mother, to both of them, in fact. He had thought about that a good deal. There were the younger children. No, there hadn't been a word said about his going. He had just figured that out for himself. Of course, he had wanted to talk with his mother about it, but, well, he couldn't face that. It seemed easier just to slip out. Oh yes, his father was educated. He had been to high school. Nute had been to high school himself for two years. His father had made a good living on the farm before prices went down, and they were all happy then.

Variations of that story had been told in that same room where Oleson and I sat, while the long winter twilight came into restful being over the tumult of a great city. He was just another of that great throng of homeless boys, self exiles many of them, that moved and still move back and forth over our land, in increasing numbers.



In a tramps' hide-away near an eastern city I had talked with a seasoned hobo about these boys, like Oleson. He had surprised me by his detachment. He saw those boys for what they are—brave, lonely, reckless, easily led into petty crime and yet eager for sound companionship, craving a sight of home but refusing to go in their rags and penury.

I looked at Oleson again, at his gay poverty. I saw him moving about in shadows. He was one of a group crowding about a twilight fire near a railroad siding. There were oaths, snarlings of rage and hate, the smell of boiling coffee, then the quick patter of feet into darkness. The fire burned on alone. I saw him in the pride and glow of his youth asleep on the floor of a box car, surrounded by coarse lumps of disorder, by outcasts who made their way toward the shelters, the reeking haunts of New York, while the pounding wheels carried Oleson farther and farther away from those who must bitterly grieve at his absence.

My conviction held fast; Oleson must not stay in New York, not until I was sure there was no other escape for him. And, first, there were dreams that had to be shattered. Did he know how many boys were coming to New York from the land of hither and yon? Did he know how many New York boys had been out of work for months, and had been unable to find any work? I knew, because I had

just come from the lower East Side. Did he know that jobs were few and wages generally low? If it were all right for him to go home, if his parents would receive him, wasn't his place there? Of course, he wouldn't be shipped off blindly. Probably there were adjustments that would have to be made in his home. Certainly his father would have to be given work. There were ways of bringing such matters about.

"Yes?" He looked at me in wonder and surprise. "And I must wait till you hear?"

From that moment, there was nothing too swift—wires, mails, railroads, social agencies. First, there were things we had to know about Oleson's home in the west. Letters and telegrams were dispatched. I gave the boy a clothing order, food and lodging tickets, and sent him on to a place where many a boy of ours had been carefully sheltered under similar circumstances. He was told to report daily at our office.

Of course, he came to show me his new suit—new to him—and fitting him well. You wonder how he looked now. Well, he had been a figure before in his going away costume. Now he had distinction. Soap and water had uncovered a clear, blonde face that radiated light. There was a freshness that would catch any jaded eye in Manhattan, and an innocence that had its dangers.

Meanwhile, we saw other boys, listened to other tales. We moved in a strange world of youth that had gone astray, and yet not astray, because in spite of hunger, cold, loneliness, they still had great possessions. They had the dearest treasures of youth, their hopes, their dreams, their unfaltering confidence, in a vast city shaken by unutterable dread.

FROM the west came tidings. The boy's story returned, not with added force—nothing could have made it stronger than when it fell from his faltering lips—but with new lights and shadows. We heard of parents who had suffered to the point of madness, who had all but lost their grip. We heard of their joy over a son who was found. The boy should come home, but first certain adjustments had to be made. The prospect of the boy's return offedred a guiding beacon to a distraught father.

Then, there were the problems of health, of work to be cleared. I could be grateful that this western city, the least among cities, had seen the need for a group that could enter a broken, foodless home with words of comfort. For Oleson that was a service beyond estimate.

How should the lad fare during this interval. He settled that for himself. You see he still had his dreams about New York, about himself. I might have damaged those dreams. I had not destroyed them. He settled the matter by walking into Wanamaker's and getting himself a job as a bus boy, his very first attempt and a go at that. Can't you see him moving about among those jaded shoppers, among folks who can certainly spread the impression of boredom, with his trim figure and vivid features? Can't you see him gathering plates, and occasionally lifting his eyes to question the meaning of this or that in a twilight of business and fashion?

I had to send for him, to tell him something about a New York that I hoped he might never know—the kind of men and women and girls he must avoid, the sort of things he must be on the lookout against, the traps. I don't think he fully understood. He couldn't entirely, but he promised to keep his eyes open, not to be a country-jake and all that.

When the final word came, he had saved enough to meet his carfare, but I could not let him spend his money for that. I wanted him to take those earnings home to his mother, so I dug up a special ticket. I remember my last talk with him. I knew that he couldn't go back just as

he had left. That would be impossible. I did hope that he could clear this port of New York without any of the shadows of Manhattan clinging to him. I think he did.

I come back to his letter—the beginning and end of this tale. It must be answered. I want to write him as good a letter as I ever wrote to a restored fugitive. I want him to know—well, that isn't it exactly. I simply know that I cannot go on living forever in this place of derelicts, without knowing, without hearing how some have made port.

I must keep in touch with someone like Nute Oleson. I must know that we aren't just making gestures.

Life In the Year 2106

[Continued from page 9]

These appear air-raid shelters with their beetling covers, first-air pillars with their chequered markings and anti-aircraft forts. Further ruin ensues and we see life disorganized by the Great Plague.

THEN suddenly these stout-squat, virtuous new blocks thrust into the scene and the battered past vanishes. A new Age has begun. The towns grow larger, finer, and more varied. The housing blocks are grouped with the expanding stores, public clubs, and hotels in parks and gardens near to the aerodrome, and convenient for whatever industry gives the agglomeration its importance. The public club became prominent after 2000 C.E., both architecturally and socially. That again was the revival of two old ideas; it was a combination of the idea of the English or American Club with the idea of the Baths to which the Roman citizens resorted. Here from the start were grouped the gymnastic and sports halls, dancing floors, conference rooms, the perpetual news cinema, libraries, reading rooms, small studies, studios, and social centers of the reviving social life.

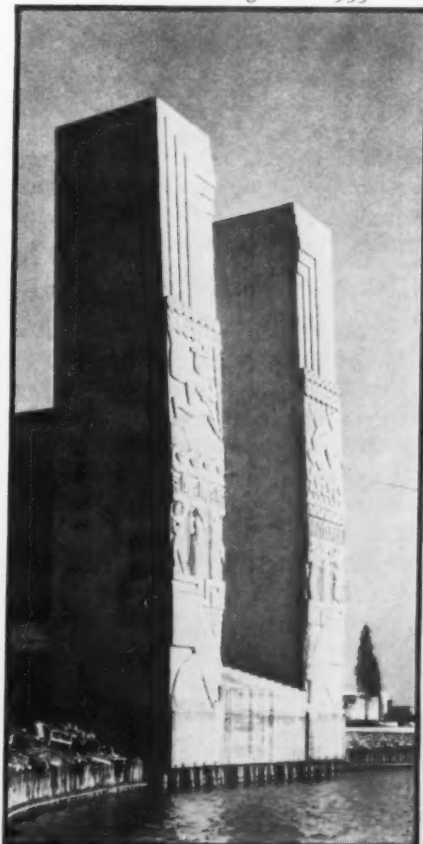
The twenty-first century rediscovered the experience of the nineteenth and the first centuries of the Christian Era, a discovery that was also made by Alexander the Great, that it is much easier to build great modern cities in new places than to modernize the old centers of activity. And the more vital these old centers remained the more difficult was their reconstruction, because it meant the interruption and transfer of important activities to new quarters.

New York was typical of this lag in rebuilding. Up to quite recently, Lower

New York was the world's most old-fashioned city, unique in its gloomy antiquity. The last of the ancient skyscrapers, the *Empire State Building*, is even now under demolition in C.E. 2106!

This was not because New York has fallen out of things, but, on the contrary, because it was in the van of the new movement. Nicholson has written of its

Twin pylons guarding the water gate to the Electrical Building of A Century of Progress exposition, held in Chicago in 1933 C.E.



reviving importance in 1960. A year or so later it became the headquarters of the western branch of the Air and Sea Ways Control. The swiftly expanding activities of the new government needed immediate housing and the gaunt surviving piles of Lower New York were adapted hastily to its accommodation. This kept them going for a time, and then arose a prolonged controversy between rival schools of planning for the reconstruction of that strangely vital city. It is not only true that the poorer the world was the more it was encumbered by property, but also that the more vigorously a place or a building is being used in progressive work, the more difficult it is to keep it up to date.

SINCE the middle of the twenty-first century there has been a world-wide re-appearance of the individual home, more particularly on the countryside, by the sea and amidst forests and mountain scenery. But it has reappeared in a new form. It is not really the same thing as the old cottage and country house.

The idea of a home made of portable material, constructed at some convenient industrial center and sent to any desired site, was already in the minds of such restless innovators as Henry Ford before the Decline and Fall. The country college, the country house, is an imaginative outlet. For great numbers of men and women comes a phase when the desire for that little peculiar place, with its carefully chosen site, its distinctive long-coveted amenities, its outlet upon the woods, the mountain, the jungle, or the sea, has an overpowering appeal. There they will live, dream, work, and be happy.

Few of the many who had that dream could satisfy it in the old days. Some rare rich persons were able to buy land, build elaborately after their desires, make gardens. When they died or became bankrupt other people without the leisure to make their own homes bought the abandoned home. They would far rather have made a place for themselves, but there stood the predecessor's desire in brick or stone, solid and irremovable, and they did what they could, by means of alterations, to eliminate the taste of him.

But as plenty and mechanical power increased, as the new road system made more and more of the earth accessible, as power-cables and water supply spread everywhere, it became easy not only to clear away and obliterate the traces of houses that were done for, but to bring a pleasant individualized country house within the purchasing power of an increasing proportion of the population. The mastery of power in our time is manifested almost as much by its swift scrapping and scavenging as by its limitless productivity.

Nowadays a man or woman may hit upon an unoccupied site, spend a few pleasant weeks planning and revising

projects and designs, and give his order. In a month his house is ready; in a day or so more the foundation has been laid, and in three or four weeks the dream is realized. The house stands, as he wished it to stand, connected to the power mains, supplied with water, furnished to his taste, smiling and ready. It is hardly more trouble than ordering an airplane or an automobile.

IN ITS earlier stages the evocation of the preconstructed house was not so rapid, but from the first it was far quicker than the laborious piling up of the old world builder.

And with an equal facility now a house is cleared away. We no longer think it meet to wear another man's abandoned house than to wear the old clothes of the dead. Clearing away, says Michael Kemal, is the primary characteristic of the Modern Age. The Age of Frustration was essentially an age that could not clear away, neither debts, sovereignties, exaggerated national patriotisms, old classes, old boundaries, old buildings, old scores, or old grievances. It is only in the past century that man has learnt the real lesson of plenty, that far more important

than getting things is the getting rid of things. We are rich universally because we are no longer rich personally.

We have mentioned the travelling wealthy man of the seventeenth century, for then only the wealthy aristocrats could travel freely, and we have glanced at the cumbersome impedimenta of his voyage. Compare him with any ordinary man today who decides to take a holiday and go to the ends of the earth. He may arrange with a travel bureau overnight for one or two special accommodations, then off he goes in the clothes he wears. He takes a wallet with his money account, his identification papers and perhaps a memorandum book. He may wear, as many people do, a personal ornament or so that has taken a hold upon his imagination. He may carry something to read or a specimen he wants to show. Whatever else he is likely to want on his way, he will find on his way. He needs no other possessions because his possessions are everywhere.

We have solved the problem of socializing property, the problem the early twentieth century was unable to solve. We have the use and consumption of material goods without the burden of ownership.

The Case of Mr. Huckleberry

[Continued from page 15]

German mind one evening reached the conclusion that the blacksmith business was undergoing a change. To meet this change and profit by it, he decided that he needed a good location up on the avenue, which is a part of several direct highway routes leading through his town.

The bank thought well of his plan, and, counselled by them, he borrowed ten thousand dollars, using his investments as collateral, with which he bought the location he desired.

During the next few years, the change worked out well, so well that Mr. Huckleberry was able to repay the bank about three thousand dollars. With rare good judgment, he had devoted his own time to his original business, horse-shoeing. With additional rare judgment, he had placed his forge in the rear of his new location and had hired a stalwart young man to take care of the automobile end of the business. The helper soon married a buxom neighborhood lass and proceeded to defeat America's fear of race suicide—three sons and two daughters.

One morning in May, 1932, Heinrich Huckleberry received a dignified letter on stiff bond paper, asking him to report

at a meeting of the discount committee on the following Tuesday morning. He complied.

There he sat stolidly on a straight chair while the members of the committee surveyed him from deep and comfortable leather upholstery. Their message was to the effect that demand and savings deposits were constantly dwindling, giving the bank great need for cash. They must maintain their reserves, they said, at any cost. Meanwhile, he could not repay his loan, could he? No, he could not. Well, nearly all others were in the same boat. Therefore, it had become necessary for them to sell his collateral. In addition, they were obliged to direct that interest on the remainder of the loan must be paid not less often than every two months, with reduction of at least one hundred dollars with each renewal. It would all work out easily, they said, if Mr. Huckleberry would adopt a coöperative point of view.

MR. HUCKLEBERRY quickly appreciated the case, even the simplicity of the operation from the bank's view. But when he got around to his own side of the

proposition, it appeared as opaque as a bottle of ink.

"I cannot do it," he said, pounding his blacksmith fist on the mahogany table. "And then what? And then what? I cannot do it, and then what?"

It required courage, not to mention a heart like flint, to answer him. But the chairman had both.

"Then we will have to sell out your business and your home," he said quietly.

"But I will fight," declared Mr. Huckleberry. "This is no time for sentiment, then. Is that it? I will be hard as nails, too."

"That is a matter of your own discretion," said the chairman.

"Discretion!" snorted Huckleberry. "But, I tell you, I will have to fire my assistant. I will have to discharge Hubert—Hubert Ainsworth, you know—why he has five kids—and a wife, too. What will he do?"

"After all, that is his problem," said the chairman. "You cannot expect to conduct a charity in your shop."

"But I need him—most of the time. I am only a blacksmith. Hubert is a mechanic, with automobiles, you know. He shows me what, where, to weld and

to mend. If he is not there, we will lose the trade. That is not charity."

The chairman did not answer immediately for the reason that the cashier was engaging him in an earnest, whispered conversation, confiding the information that the same Hubert owed the bank several hundred dollars which had been loaned to him in better times for obstretrical bills.

"Discretion! Bah! Charity! Bah!" went on Mr. Huckleberry. "And what will I do about the Coal and Ice Company? And what will I do about them? They have not paid me in two—three years. Shoeing their horses. Fixing their trucks."

"Why—how much do they owe you?"

"Eleven—twelve hundred dollars."

AGAIN the cashier conducted an earnest, whispered conversation with the chairman of the committee. It appeared now that the Coal and Ice Company owed the bank twelve thousand dollars, mostly for the trestle and tippie built in the spring of 1929. The chairman already knew this, and had actually thought a good deal about it at 3 A. M. in his own bed. The cashier was merely reminding him that if Mr. Huckleberry forced collection, the bank would have its choice of lending the hard-pressed but solvent Coal and Ice Company an additional thousand or so, or of losing the major part of the twelve thousand dollar loan in a forced sale of assets with the sheriff in charge.

"Just a minute," the chairman said to Mr. Huckleberry. The committee went into a huddle from which the chairman finally emerged like a quarter-back coming up to bark signals for the next play.

Not wishing a test of strength, the chairman punted the problem over to Huckleberry, which is a manner of saying that the committee preferred to shift to the defensive. This move would gain time, at least, and perhaps time might bring a solution.

"Now—," he said, clearing his throat, "you must not get to thinking that we would want to do anything to work a hardship on anybody. We do only what we have to do to keep this bank sound. Of course, you can readily appreciate what would happen if we should fail. The government would send a receiver here, and this receiver might—I say might, mind you—he might be obliged to liquidate everybody. It would flatten about ninety-five per cent of the community and most of our farmers, too. Everybody would lose. The town would never recover. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?"

"No," said Heinrich Huckleberry soberly.

The chairman waited invitingly for him to say more, knowing well that once a man's tongue is loosened, it is much easier to get him loosened up in other ways. But Heinrich did not say more. He just simply would not want the bank to go under, and so he said, "No." There was nothing to amplify.

"Er—of course," said the chairman, preparing to continue, and gathering his thoughts. "At the same time, if we are to keep this bank sound, we must raise cash. In this connection, I want you to know that every man on this committee, and even on the board of the bank, has sold his collateral and paid the amount in on his loans, if he has any. We are not asking you to do anything that we have not done ourselves."

Heinrich Huckleberry looked into their eyes, and knew it was a fact. He did not demur. He just grunted. He knew, of course, that the affairs of most of them were much more flexible than his own. They might have saved themselves, partly, by acting in time.

"In other words, we are a community," continued the chairman. "When the community is prosperous, we all prosper. But when the community is under stress, we must all be willing to lose at least a part for the sake of saving all. And I have misjudged Heinrich Huckleberry if he doesn't do his share. Now, I suggest that you pick out a thousand dollars worth of your collateral, and apply it on your loan. That will leave you about two-thirds of your investments. We will all work together."

WHEN Mr. Huckleberry had gone, the committee considered his case just a little further. Suppose he were sacrificed and his business were sold to someone else who might conduct it to fill its economic place in the community fully as well.

"But," suggested the cashier, "debts owed to Huckleberry would have to be paid if we close him up. These amount to something more than four thousand dollars, according to his statement. If they are collected by law, others will be frozen out. That might be pretty costly for the bank, and, incidentally, for the community, before its effect was entirely ended. Gentlemen, I am pretty firmly convinced that our best policy is to stand back of Heinrich Huckleberry."

The chairman listened to this, and then dismissed the matter for the time being. "Blacksmiths are scarce," he said. "There is only one Heinrich Huckleberry. He knows his job and he does

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Now, Case Three.

Cass Slocum operated a country corners store in a slovenly manner. Over a long period of time, he had piled up a substantial loan at the bank. When hard times arrived, he developed the first symptoms of a bad risk, symptoms which are instantly recognized by every banker. He grew careless about his interest due dates. When prompted, he promised to appear but failed to do so. Further inquiry was met with alibis. Last of the fatal signs was his suggestion that another thousand dollars would put him on his feet.

A committee went out to visit his store. Signs of mismanagement were everywhere. A ten-year old child was watching the store when the committee arrived, making it necessary to send over to a corner garage for Cass Slocum where he was lifted out of a radio ball game. Too many rubber goods had been purchased at one time. They had been stored recklessly. A rack of neckties was fly specked.

The committee advised Cass to enter voluntary bankruptcy, promising that if he would do so they would get him a position as clerk and helper to the new owner. Cass accepted promptly, apparently greatly pleased with the prospect

of a steady wage without the worry of management, bills, notes, and interest.

And then there is the modest and amusing case of Tony.

Antonio Giggily, which is American interpretation of Italian pronunciation, sold fresh roasted peanuts, and hot pop corn with butter, at the National bank corner every evening from seven to midnight. Tony owned the roaster on wheels, and pushed it downtown from his home to set up his business every twenty-four hours. One day, after commodity prices had already dropped to sensational lows, a slick salesman came along and sold Tony too many bales of nuts on the argument that it was justified by the price.

WHEN the nuts arrived, Tony did not have enough cash to take up the sight draft, business having fallen off far beyond his expectations. However, the cashier of the bank was very fond of fresh roasted peanuts. Usually his waste paper basket was more full of shucks than of cast away circulars, and because of this appetite for nuts, Tony had developed a sublime faith in the cashier. Cap in hand, he sought the bank official, and, with earnestness and a flow of Italio-English sufficiently lyrical for an opera, managed to negotiate a small loan.

Business, of course, continued bad for Tony, as for everybody else. Eventually, he turned his nuts and his roaster over to the bank. But society must have its nuts. So, Antonio continues to sing his street song every evening just as sweetly as for twenty years before. The bank owns the roaster, of course, as it also owns many other kinds of property which is still being operated for the

benefit of society without much, if any, income to the bank. Eventually, this miscellaneous and worthless property of one kind and another will be charged off in the glow of better days.

Ten million men and women in the United States, they say, are not working, or just about the number which would be idle under any form of socialism. Most of these are of the class called labor, whether linen or flannel collared. Though millions of acres of good, but unused, land are available, parcels of which may be used almost for the asking, the majority of the idle are begging that their substance be given to them. These include the great class which, being unable to plan for themselves, must be directed and protected. Although there are ten millions of them, if loose calculations are accepted, not a single one has been jailed for laziness or debt, nor have any been knowingly permitted to starve to death. Under a pure socialism they might be given money for their pockets, but they would have it only a brief time. And if they were given fresh pastures in which to run and play, and little white houses with cool, green blinds in which to live, they would cry their eyes out for city congestion.

Yes, we have a socialism today. Which is to say, that competents are permitted to take charge of property and operate it for the good of society, and that incompetents are voluntarily idle, or awaiting direction.

And all of this is made possible by the authority invested in a benevolent government by society itself. There are several billions of cold and impassionate dollar items on the records in evidence of that contention. Argument is waived!

The view from Cadillac Mountain Road near Bar Harbor, Maine.



Photo: H. L. Bradley, Bar Harbor, Maine

Keeping Up with Business

By **Watson Davis**, *Managing Editor, Science Service*

OUR Machine Age!—In the United States today about 150,000 calories of energy are expended in various industrial and agricultural processes each day for every man, woman and child in the nation. The equivalent figure for the ancient Greeks and the modern Chinese is 1,000 to 2,000 calories per capita per day.

Warm Walls—A bathing suit is comfortable attire, it is reported, in a room filled with air far below freezing if the walls are kept at an 80 degree temperature. This may lead to novel house-heating methods. Low temperature electric heating units might be imbedded in plaster walls and ceiling and the air might be conditioned to produce ideal conditions. For older buildings, a portable electric heated screen can be substituted for warm walls. Engineers report that a low-temperature radiant screen produces a sensation of warmth out of all apparent relation to the consumption of electricity.

Conquer Distemper—Ten years of medical research by England's medical research council has produced a vaccine and virus that will give lasting protection against distemper infection. An anti-serum given early will lessen the illness.

Young foxhounds not inoculated almost invariably get the disease and the death rate is frequently over 50 per cent. Only one out of a hundred protected foxhounds get the disease. Fur farmers and their animals will also utilize the protection since true distemper has been found to occur among silver-foxes, mink, fishers, fitches, and other fur-bearing animals.

Ramie Dreams—Millions of dollars have been lost in ventures that promise a new machine or method to utilize ramie, fiber from the nettle plant, *Baccharis niva*. Beautiful when prepared by cheap but skilled Chinese labor, strong in straight tension when wet or dry, ramie is inviting as a long-wearing substitute for wool or cotton. But it is disastrously weak in acutely angular tension. When knotted, a slight pull on the knot will break a coarse ramie string. Microscope, polarized light, and X-ray show the trouble to be natural faults in the minute divisions of the fiber occurring in such a way that a pull across the fiber stresses the weakest part.

Die News—Die-casting is proving to be a cheaper method of making small and intricate metal objects that have hitherto been made by stamping, sand-casting plus machine finishing and welding, and other metal working methods. Unlike ordinary castings the molds for die-cast metal parts are of steel instead of sand. Steel molds are used over and over, while the sand molds must be made anew for nearly each cast. In die-casting, molten metal is pumped under heavy pressure into a mold cut from steel dies. The metal fills even delicate ornamental engravings and screw threads. The metal part emerges without the need of machine finishing. Zinc alloys are widely used in die-casting because of low melting point, but aluminum is also used where lightness is desired. Although these metals cost more than iron for which they substitute, the manufacturer saves because he has cut labor costs.

Eggless Mayonnaise—From China there has come to America the soy bean which is food, sauce, and drink. Chinese babies thrive on soy bean milk; soy bean flour is a staff of life. North Americans have used this crop largely for animal feed, but it can help make salad dressing. No eggs need to be added as a stabilizing agent of mayonnaise salad dressing if a paste made of finely ground soy beans is substituted. The beans cost less, store and ship more easily, and more liquid can be worked into the dressing.

Creaseless Neckties—From a research laboratory in England there come creaseless fabrics. Rayon, real silk, cotton, and linen can be treated by the new process that gives them the ability to spring back to their original state after they have been folded. Wool has this quality naturally. The crease-preventing process consists of causing a synthetic resin to penetrate into the fibers, filling the pores and giving them the springy, elastic property which is believed to be the reason why creases do not show. Men's neckties are to be the first practical article to benefit from the new process.

Pencil Electrons—Writing with a stream of electricity or electrons from a cathode ray tube played upon a fluorescent screen is the latest development that promises eventually to produce a new communication mechanism. The cathautograph, as it has been named, may prove useful for non-recording written communication between offices, in airplane, ship, and police radio; for noiseless instruction to radio broadcasting artists; for messages in Chinese and Japanese. The electron beam controlled by the sending pencil falls at the receiving station upon chemical salts that glow for about thirty seconds. Ten words can be seen on this fluorescent screen at one time. Then the writing disappears forever which is an advantage—in some cases.

ENVY the Duck—Clothing is one of the three essentials of civilized man; it ranks with food and shelter. Nevertheless, more scientific research is often applied to perfecting a new radio tube or a new synthetic material than is spent in finding out how to make an old textile better. It is a sign of progress that the textile industry is planning a joint attack on problems that the research laboratory of any one company cannot profitably undertake.

Says Dr. Vannevar Bush, engineer and vice-president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

"We must admit that nature has made better clothes than we. I have always envied the duck. He can dive under water and come up dry. Yet his coat is pervious to air as it should be for his good health, and it fits beautifully. The duck looks comfortable in his waterproof garments on a hot day, but the only raincoat I ever bought was hot, and it wasn't waterproof, and it leaked at the neck when the rain drove horizontally. The duck can turn his head in any direction, and yet the covering on his neck lies marvelously smooth and sleek. Columbus found the Indians of Central America using feather garments; but even with their example we still do not emulate the duck, nor do we look natty and comfortable in the rain."



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THE ROTARIAN

Chats on Contributors

WHEN Herbert George Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, England, some sixty-seven years ago, the world was presented with a rare personality. The father was a professional cricket player, but the boy applied himself to intellectual pursuits. At grammar school he won scholarships that enabled him to continue his education at London University.

Mr. Wells did not start his career as an author; for years he taught biology. In 1895, however, he produced the first of a series of fantastic stories, *The Time Machine*, which has been followed in rapid succession by a long list of books. Perhaps no living author so successfully combines the ability of making his characters real, his plots fascinating—and, at the same time, clothing his ideas on morality and sociology in the guise of fiction. Among his better known books are: *The Food of the Gods*, *What Is Coming*, *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, *The World of William Clissold*, and *Outline of History*. His contribution to *THE ROTARIAN*, *Life in the Year 2106*, will appear this fall as a chapter in his newest book—a history of the world as it might be written two hundred years hence.

William de Cock Buning, *Rotary's Hardest Job Is Ahead*, was born in Java, educated in Holland, was a broker for many years in Java, but now resides in The Hague where he is recognized as one of Holland's leading authorities on export trade. He has held many important positions in Rotary International, including membership on the board of directors.

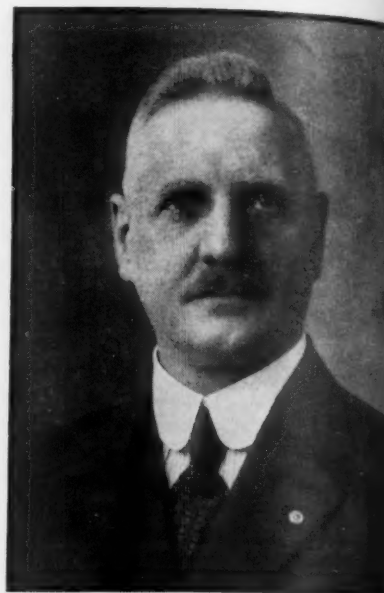
Always popular with ROTARIAN readers is Clinton P. Anderson, *Along English Lanes*, immediate past president of Rotary International. He is treasurer of New Mexico, operates a large casualty insurance business, but for several years was engaged in newspapering. Recently Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S.D., the school from which ill health prevented his graduating, conferred on him an honorary degree.

Another old ROTARIAN contributor is Will Rose, plain-speaking editor of the *Enterprise News* at Cambridge Springs, Pa., who writes on *The Case of Mr. Huckleberry*. . . Bryllian Fagin, *Pages from a Russian Note-Book*, is on the English faculty at Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, and director of its experimental Little Theatre. He has travelled widely in Russia.

Sportsman Extraordinary is Bob Becker, *That's Fishin'!*, who was born in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and educated at Beloit (Wis.) College. Readers of many outing publications look to him for tips, advice, entertainment. . . Frederic E. Greene, *Restoration*, is a New York social worker who finds recreation in writing and in hiking to the country to sketch sunsets.

Both Drs. Lewellys F. Barker and Arthur C. Christie, *Cutting Medical Costs*, were members of the Committee on Medical Costs. The former signed the majority report, the latter the minority. Dr. Barker is emeritus professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins University. . . Dr. Christie is clinical professor of roentgenology at George Washington University Medical College.

Samuel Higbee, *A Matter of Figures*, is a roving journalist. . . James G. Hodgson, *Some A B C's of Economics*, is a young economist of wide experience, recently of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.



William de Cock Buning. He says
Rotary's hardest job is ahead.

For Further Reading

"ROTARY'S HARDEST JOB IS AHEAD" (*International Service*), by William de Cock Buning.

These articles from *THE ROTARIAN*:

"New Year—New Thinking"—Clinton Anderson, Jan., 1933—

"Our Country—Right or Wrong"—Abbé Ernest Dimnet, May, 1933—

"Putting Rotary's Sixth Object to Work"—May, 1933.

"LIFE IN THE YEAR 2106," by H. G. Wells.

"In Our Stars (The World Fifty Years from Hence)," Julian Huxley, *Forum Magazine*, April, 1933.

"Can Business Build a Great Age?"—William Kimmiller, *Macmillan*, New York, \$2.50.

These articles from *THE ROTARIAN*: "An Epoch Ends"—Stuart Chase, May, 1932; "The Land of Canaan"—Chester T. Crowell, Aug., 1932; "The Machine: Slave or Monster?"—Alberto Pirelli, Nov., 1932; "A Credo for a New Day"—Willem Hendrik Van Loon, May, 1933.

"THE CASE OF MR. HUCKLEBERRY" (*Vocational Service*), by Will Rose.

"Legislating a New Era in Banking"—*Literary Digest*, June 24, 1933.

These articles from *THE ROTARIAN*: "Essentials of Sound Banking"—an interview with Henry Ford, April, 1933; "What Price Bank Stability?"—Charles F. Zimmerman, Jan., 1933; "Canada's Banks Stand Up"—Robert J. C. Stead, Dec., 1932.

"PAGES FROM A RUSSIAN NOTE-BOOK" (*International Service*), by Bryllian Fagin.

"Russia and America—A Study in Contrasts"—William H. Chamberlin, *The Atlantic*, July, 1933.

"Soviet Snapshots"—from the Diary of an American Woman, *Forum Magazine*, July, 1933.

"Russia: My Home"—Emma Cochrane Pondifone, *Bobbs-Merrill*, \$3.50.

"Soviet Russia: A Living Record and a History"—William Henry Chamberlin, *Little Brown and Co.*, New York, \$5.00.

These articles from *THE ROTARIAN*: "Note-taking Through Russia," R. E. Porter, May, 1932; "An American Looks at Russia," Walter Locke, Aug., 1931.

"CUTTING MEDICAL COSTS" (*Community Service*), a debate by Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, and Dr. Arthur C. Christie.

"Why State Medicine Is Necessary"—Edgar Sydenstricker, *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1933.

"The Crisis in the Hospitals"—Mary Ross, *Survey Graphic*, July, 1933.

"Distribution of Costs of Sickness in the United States"—New York State Charities Aid Association, Pamphlet No. 187, 1928.

"The Cost of Living in the United States with Special Reference to the Costs of Medical Care"—University of Chicago Press, 1932.

